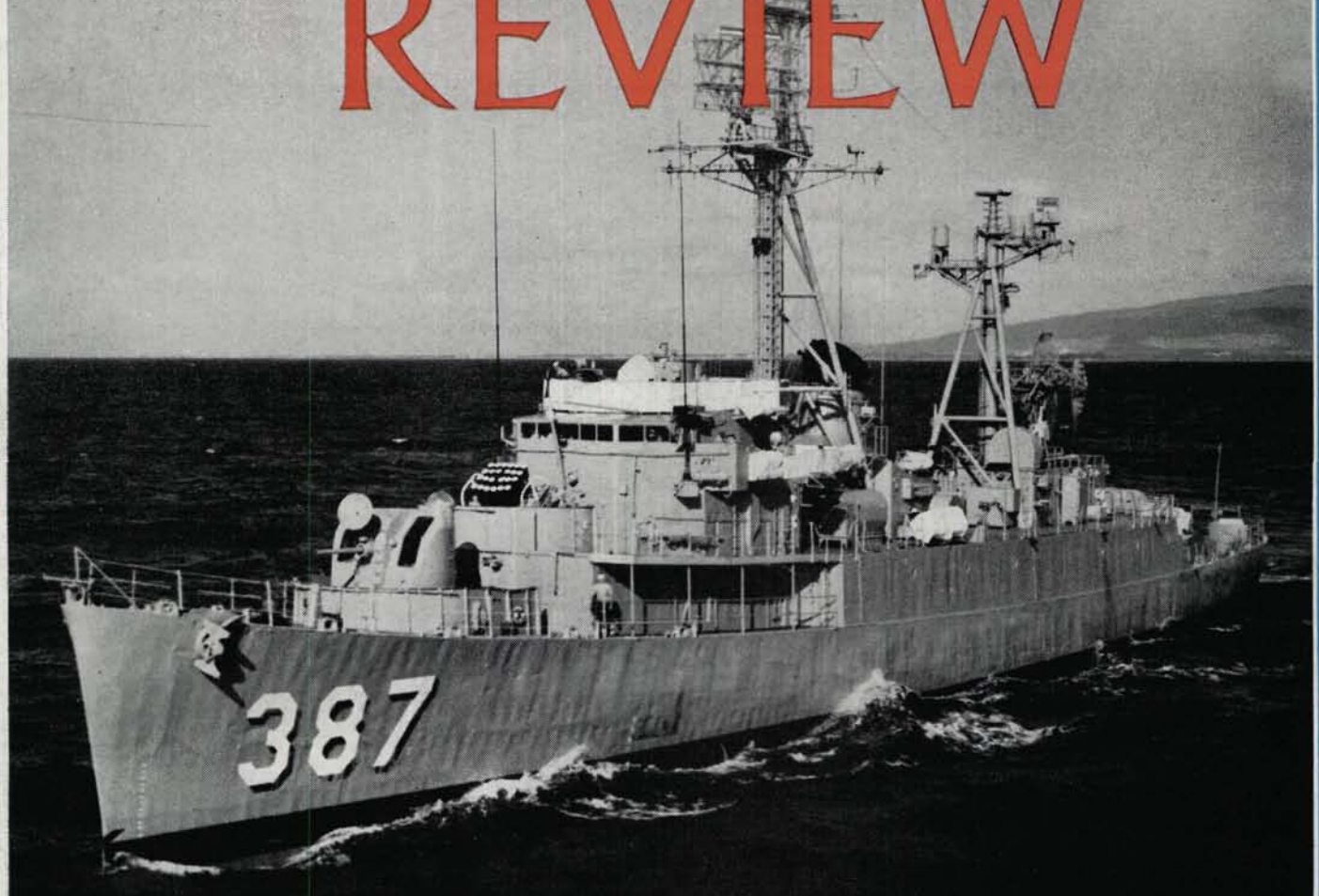
ICD

MARCH 26, 1968

NEST VAN DEN HAAG
RANK S. MEYER ON THE
Riots Commission Report

NATIONAL REVIEW



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JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

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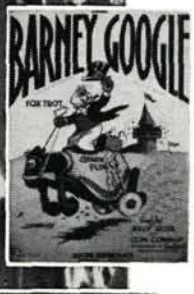

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The list goes on and on. The Street Singer. Garbo. Barrymore. Fred Allen. Harry Richman. Moran and Mack. Jimmy Fidler. Uncle Don. The Mills Brothers. Ben Bernie (did he and Winchell *really* hate each other?). Just Plain Bill. Annette Henshaw. The Red-Headed Music Maker. Singin' Sam. King Kong. Whiteman. Bing. Hundreds more!

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Did that big bozo at the peephole ever let you in the mahogany door so you could put away a little giggle water? ("Just off the boat — you can still smell the salt water.")

There was Mae West (some bimbo!) murmuring, "When I'm good, I'm very good; but when I'm bad, I'm better." Dizzy Dean and brother Daffy. Knickers. Tea in tin boxes. Dance marathons. Betty Furness on early TV struggling with the vacuum cleaner. Hollywood stars under the lids of dixie cups. "$30 Every Thursday": Senator Downey and his Ham-and-Eggs Crusade. S.A. "It."

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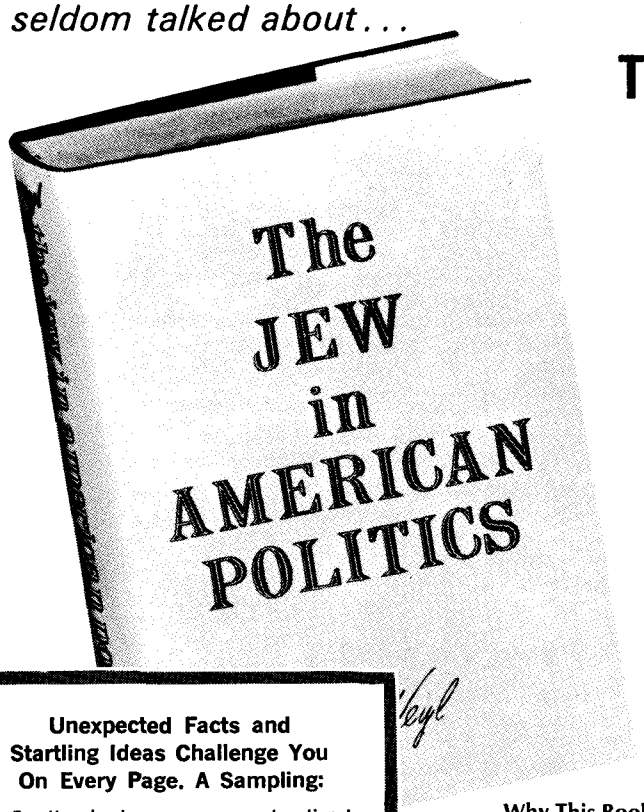

The Jew in American Politics

by Nathaniel Weyl, author of "Red Star Over Cuba"

375 pages including 28 pages of documentation and 7-page index.
A Selection of the Conservative Book Club.

AMERICAN JEWS, says Nathaniel Weyl in this trailblazing book, are a political enigma. Here, in the most privileged country the world has ever known, Jews occupy a uniquely privileged niche. They are an elite within an elite. Weyl cites an abundance of figures that bear out what is generally known. Proportionately, affluent Jewish families outnumber affluent Christian families nearly four to one. Jews make up 3.5% of the population but earn 10% of the total personal income, number 20% of American millionaires. The figures are equally impressive in terms of higher education, percentage of scientists and professionals, artists and writers.

Plainly, American Jews stand out as our great national achievers. Yet, for a generation and more, the majority of them have been pulled toward a Liberal-to-radical stance. Many have sympathized with the Soviet Union and fought anti-Communists. *Why?*

And why, on the other hand, do most Jews shun conservatism, when conservatism stresses individualism, diversity, order, reward for achievement, respect for the right of a man or a minority to be different? These questions form the theme of one of the most enlightening, one of the most important, one of the most outspoken books you will read this year.

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- American Jewish Committee and its brittle assumptions about "prejudice." Weyl's own clear-eyed view. Startling findings of Bettelheim and Janowitz: why don't they shake up the AJC and its followers?
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- Jewish radicalism and Jewish fear of anti-Semitism: the important relationship.
- Middle East panorama: as Communism and socialism grow, so grows anti-Semitism.
- Who are the anti-Semites? Class differences between German and American anti-Semites. Do anti-Semites manifest an "authoritarian personality"? Bettelheim on why Jews prefer to reduce the anti-Semite to a stereotype.
- What national groups make the best Americans? How **Fortune** poll ranks 7 prominent groups.
- Rise of Negro anti-Semitism — played down by ADL. Why merchants "overcharge" the Negro. What happened when one Jewish group did **not** move out of its neighborhood when Negroes moved in.
- How large a role did Jews play in the Communist Revolution? What about now?

Why This Book Could Usher in a New Chapter in American Political History

As Nathaniel Weyl sees it, the long romance between American Jewry and Liberal-to-radical politics is cooling. Not that he expects a breakup tomorrow. But three powerful forces are combining to lead American Jews, out of elemental self-interest, to take a hard look at 1968's political realities. And when this political realignment becomes a fact, we think *The Jew In American Politics* will take its place on the select shelf reserved for Books That Made American History. Mr. Weyl's book is not only the first to presage a Jewish turn to conservatism; he shows us *why* it ought to happen, why conservatism and American Jews are made for each other.

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May we send you an inspection copy of *The Jew In American Politics?* If not well pleased, you are free to return it any time within a month of delivery, and you will receive a full refund (plus extra money to repay you for return postage). Mail coupon below to your bookseller or: Arlington House, 81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, New York 10801.

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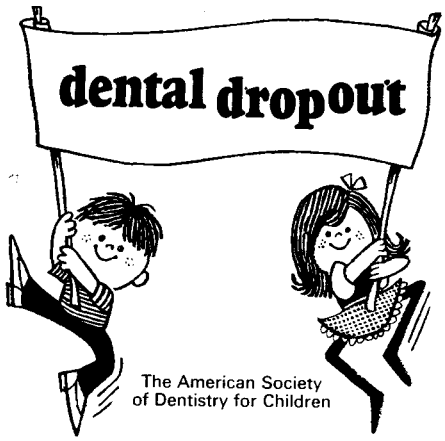

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IN • THIS • ISSUE

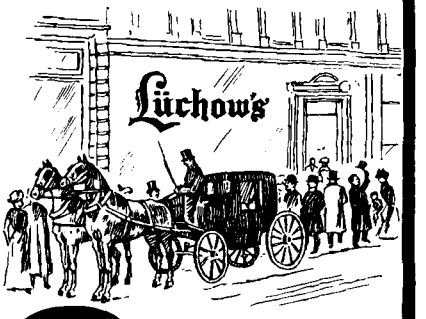
➔ The illustrious **James Jackson Kilpatrick** exposes all the sorry errors in the Navy's handling of one very warm potato named Marcus Aurelius Arnheiter. In response to a recent inquiry concerning his *curriculum vitae,* Mr. Kilpatrick wrote to us: "I am a mean slippery tennis player who relies upon soft little slices and chops. The guys who stand at the base line and go thonk, whish, thonk, whish, thonk will not play with me any more." . . . Prof. **Ernest van den Haag** may be the only person in America who has read the entire report issued by the President's Commission on Riots. He doesn't regret it. A product of the Sorbonne and the universities of Florence and Naples, van den Haag has published countless articles in more than two dozen general and professional journals in this country and abroad.

➔ From Saigon, **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** reports on how the war goes, and why it takes time for an independent armed force to solidify, and especially why the veecee are so brutal in their reaction to the "New Life" hamlets. . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** has been filing his newspaper columns from London and other ghost towns across the water. The producer of WFB's television show, "Firing Line," begs us to announce its new broadcast schedule. Starting with the March 17 program, it will be broadcast, in the New York area, Sunday nights at 10:00 on Channel 9. And now a word from our sponsor. . . . Mr. **Frank S. Meyer** didn't read the whole report discussed by Prof. van den Haag, but saw enough of it to conclude that it is a monstrous mistake. If a good deal of American social unrest is traceable to promises issued by politicians incapable of fulfilling them, then this new report is more of the same, and may incite even more turmoil. . . . **James Burnham** argues that the proposed addition of 200,000 U.S. troops to the armies already bivouacked in Vietnam raises, in perhaps its final form, the question of our strategy there. If the strategy of gradual escalation has indeed failed, then this is the time to change it—or admit defeat. Mr. Burnham took a quick trip to Fort Worth last week to check on the progress of the Air Force's new attack plane, the F-111. It looks fine, it is on its way to combat duty in Vietnam, and maybe it's the kind of thing we should be doing more of. . . . **Nika Standen Hazelton** has a go at the theory that desserts are linked with sex. Especially chocolate desserts, q.v., apparently the next best thing to dancing girls. Of course, five hundred years ago the Dukes of Burgundy were not above hiding a whole chorus line inside a hollow cake—a recipe that somehow never caught on.

➔ Mr. **David Franke** has his tour of duty safely behind him now, and from the security of an editor's desk at Arlington House he takes aim on three books on the draft. The time has come, he says, when a politician might do pretty well advocating a volunteer military. . . . Social philosopher and historian **Max Geltman** takes a look at two recent books about The Negro, and does not spare the rod. . . . The ever delightful **Elspeth Huxley** welcomes Randolph Churchill's second massive installment of his father's biography. . . . **Ruth Berenson** continues to furbish up our cultural credentials. ➔

Cover: Official U.S. Navy photo

Nice Nourishing Nostalgia



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LETTERS

Unquiet Academe

Never have I read a more penetrating description of the discrimination that is subsidized and inherent in public education. Francis J. Brown ["The American State and Academic Freedom," Mar. 12] is to be commended. The free-enterprise solution is to cut *all* education free from raiding the public treasury. Let all views of what is proper education compete in the market place for their finances. Any other view, simply *adding* the remaining unsubsidized and private schools to the ranks of the subsidized, smells of sectarian clericalism and creeping liberalism.

W. Sacramento, Cal. R. B. MILLS

The article by Francis J. Brown, though decrying an obvious defect in the public school system, also indicates an equally alarming antidote. The thought that the state should tax its citizenry at large and turn over to students the proceeds of these taxes for use in paying tuition at the school of their choice, is just as inequitable as the present state school monopoly system (to the tax-payer, that is).

Mr. Brown's article might be expected to gain favor with some politician attempting to "reform" the school system along "moderate" lines but it fails to fulfill the test of providing a "conservative" program of reform. The foregoing statement is confirmed, I believe by Mr. Brown's apparent acceptance of the state's right to tax all for the benefit of the few.

Kent, Wash. MICHAEL C. SMITH

You will, I hope, be inundated with letters of approval for Richard Kostelanetz's "The Graduate School Blues" [Mar. 12]. It is an exact description of my experiences with the German Department at the University of Pennsylvania, where I am currently a graduate student with the "blues".

Consider what this department expects of a major in German literature: no less than an encyclopedic knowledge of the entire corpus of German literature, junk and masterpieces alike, together with a similar knowledge of the relevant secondary sources. *In addition,* we are also expected to be swingers in philology, modern Scandinavian or Dutch, and philosophy—all of this to be acquired in *twelve courses* beyond the M.A. And to cap it off, next to none of this was specified in the catalogue at the time I applied for admission.

Needless to say, I have all but given up. And there's no use complaining to the professors about it, because, being Germans (and being generally *old* Germans), they regard any questioning of this regimen as an attack upon their authority (it isn't), and anyway, they treat us like children instead of adults (I'm thirty). I guess that, should I ever get a Ph.D., I shall be lamenting, with Walther von de Vogelweide, *"Owê war sint verswunden alli miniu jâr?"*

Philadelphia, Pa. EDWARD A. COWAN

Richard Kostelanetz's assumptions about the purpose of the Ph.D. dissertation are so specious that one is tempted to conjecture that he has never written one. The importance of the dissertation is that it forces the student to attack a difficult research problem, and hence to develop the skill and confidence to attack further problems. Graduate education should have as its purpose not the imbibing of endless reams of facts, but the development of scholarly maturity. Towards obtaining this goal, the writing of the research dissertation is far more important than all course work combined.

As to Kostelanetz's idea of an A.D. (Doctor of Arts) degree, I suggest that it would merely be an extension of the present B.A., which increasingly has as its aim an academic dilettantism destructive to the creation of a truly disciplined mind. The leveling tendency in America is now turning its attention to higher education. The B.A. has become a high school program for which every mediocrity can qualify. The Ph.D. is viewed as evil because it is difficult. Rather than this eternal downgrading, would it not be better to give everyone the title of "doctor" at high school graduation, and thus save the student the time and trouble of a dabbling university education, which is becoming intellectually meaningless?

Bloomington, Ind. JAMES R. THOMPSON
Dept. of Mathematics
Indiana University

Pastor Wurmbrand's War

I wouldn't take a million dollars for that article about The Rev. Richard Wurmbrand ["The Man from God's Underground," by Charles Foley, Feb. 27].

I think the religious leaders who have repudiated him all these years, and refrained from telling the public about conditions in Communist countries, should be exposed. A church which does not desire to pray for its martyred brothers is not a church but a club, with a president. I won't take communion in a club.

Covington, La. SUSAN BROTE

Thank you for "The Man from God's Underground." This is one article that should be reprinted and passed out freely to all churches that are bogged down with the Social Revolution, Civil Rights and The Gospel according to Martin Luther King. Pastor Wurmbrand is living his religion despite brainwashing, solitary confinement, torture and years of torment.

Lakeside, Ohio ELEANOR DURR

. . . Several statements have left deep and unforgettable impressions, such as the one by the camp commandant of the prison: "The Americans are coming—not to free you, but to help us. . . . The Americans, if you beg them give nothing. If you insult and mock them, you get everything." This statement should be read by our "bridge-building" politicians.

Cherokee, Okla. MENNO HARMS

The Kremlin's War

Congratulations on the timely, well-written article, "The Kremlin's Undiminished Appetite," by Robert Strausz-Hupé [Feb. 27]. Our agonizing war with the Communist world can be won if NATIONAL REVIEW keeps up its fine job of informing the public with such articles.

Boulder, Colo. DARVEL T. LLOYD

Anti-Nixon?

I am surprised and somewhat disappointed at the overly-emphatic anti-Nixon paragraph in your "The Week" section of the February 27 issue. The fact that Nixon backers paid for some Ripon research papers, in my opinion, does not justify your labeling the former Vice President as a man "who feints right and left with the aplomb of a Green Bay Packer halfback" or "now play[s] footsie with the Ripon Society." Why shouldn't he try to incorporate all segments of his party into the coming campaign? We conservatives know best of all—remember 1964—that we cannot ride roughshod over the ultrasensitive left wing of our party and still win elections.

New Castle, Del. ART GILSON

Hume and Hart

The clear style of Hume and Hart has the merit of showing the seriously impoverished version of conservatism as *they* formulate it ["David Hume and Skeptical Conservatism," by Jeffrey Hart, Feb. 13]. If *that* is conservatism, as it no doubt is in the minds of many Americans, then our past defeats are explained and our hopes reduced to the expecta-

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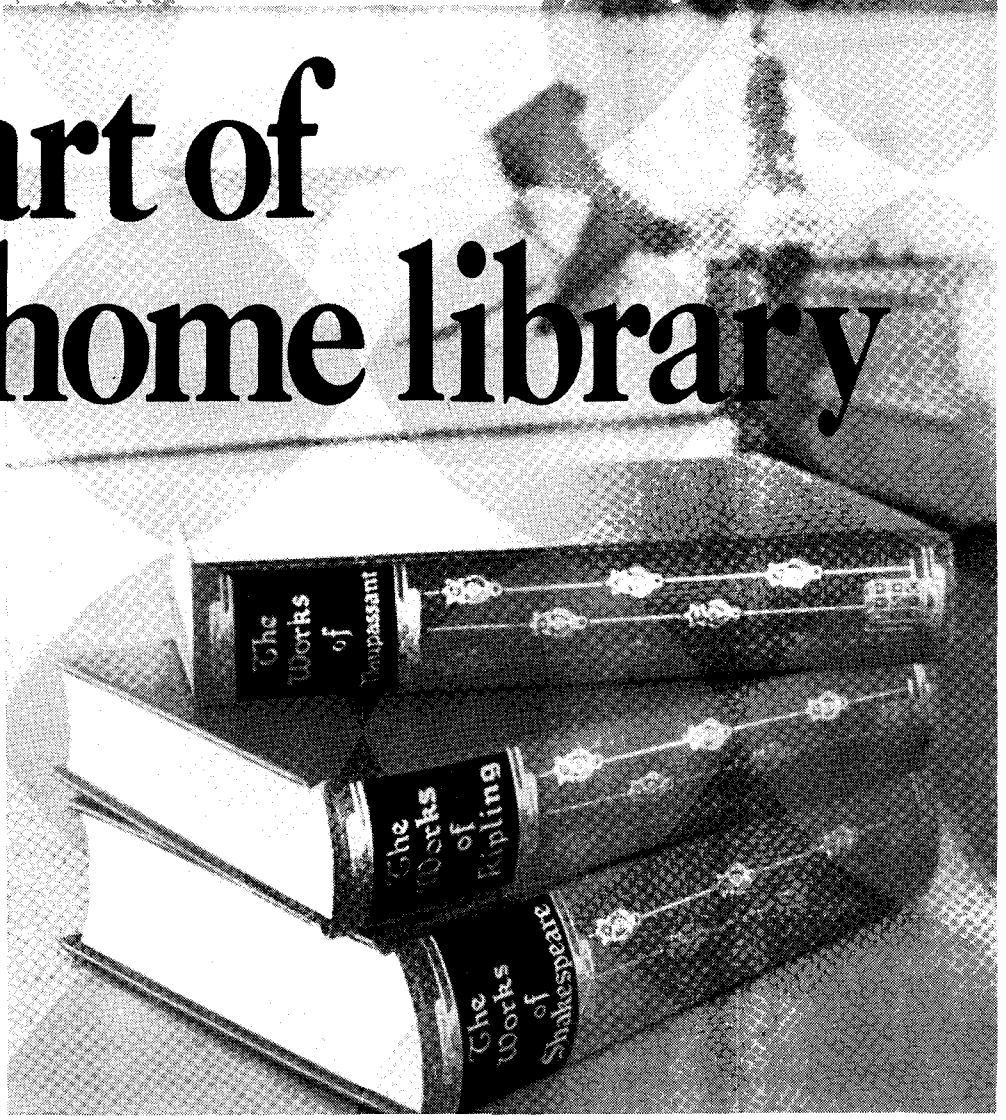

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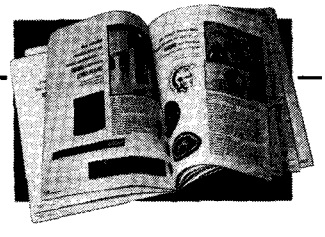

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tion of miracles.

Hume, and after him, but with fewer excuses, Hart, mistake the easy-going (laissez-faire) attitude in politics and the skeptical attitude in philosophy for conservatism. Such attitudes are indeed excellent intellectual antidotes against utopians—but only if they are educated men with "a severe discipline of the sensibility." When utopian ideas are appropriated by demagogues and made into mass-party programs, the detached skeptic is blown away with the first revolutionary wind—together with his tolerant society.

To be sure, Hume spoke of "norms," and Hart approves the sense in which Hume used the term. "The norms derived from history are implicit in the nature of man." The definition has an air of precision; consequently, the utopians do not attack it frontally but argue that this is a "static" definition; they offer a "dynamic" one according to which man has had no nature in the past (under unfavorable conditions), but will have in the future when circumstances (history) finally permit him to fulfill his essence, that is, to coincide with nature. Note that this anthropology (Rousseau's, Marx's and Sartre's) is the very opposite of the Christian anthropology for which, however, Hume had no use.

Norms, unless interpreted by Judeo-Christian anthropology where *good* is an objective reality revealed by God, are nothing but what modern relativistic philosophy calls "values." Since values possess no objective existence, their final judges are subjective individuals. Suppose now that these individuals have no "severely disciplined sensibilities" and that they refuse to conduct civilized conversations with David Hume; how will the latter's laissez-faire tolerance and conservative skepticism fare when confronted with the commissar who defines his own norms?

Thus Hume's political position leaves an immense vacuum, first in people's souls, then in their community. Atheists and moral relativists like Hume, often educated, civilized, tolerant and wise men, labor under the illusion that their intellectual and other virtues are products of nature or of the self, and that if they only continue to "severely discipline their sensibilities," these virtues will be perpetuated. But it is much more probable that these virtues, including the *disciplined sensibility*, are products of a moral-religious worldview, such as had permeated Hume's milieu before he was born and which he took so much for granted that he allowed himself to subvert it. He did not notice this because a decent style of life may indeed survive the virtues on which it is based. But not for long: the mundanely civilized, virtue-less man (Hume) is inevitably supplanted by the autonomous barbarian (Robespierre). →

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Conclusion: a viable conservatism must be filled with the energy of faith, or it will be miserably pulverized by the radicals' utopian energies. The collapse of the present world is partly the collapse of Humean Anglo-Saxon conservatism, detached from faith, seeing in norms a contractual arrangement and trusting the self-discipline of all signatories of the contract.

New York, N.Y. THOMAS MOLNAR

Burnham Makes It

Boy! Did I ever love James Burnham's review of *Making It* in your February 27 issue. Why ever read Podhoretz when Burnham's around?

Chicago, Ill. A. MARIE HANNON

Hazelton on Wine

Come, come, Nika Standen Hazelton [*NR* Jan. 30], let's have some names and prices. This "good quality California gallon wine" that is better than the "French inexpensive wines" (sic)—what is its name? How much is it?

Gansevoort Liquors at Bleecker and Christopher Streets in New York City sells *Vin de tour,* red and white, $1.19 a bottle, than which California inexpensive wines are worse, I maintain, without exception.

Leave us not victimize ourselves through an inverted snobbery or worse, gastronomical chauvinism. French wines are better, dollar for dollar, than ours, than the Italians', than the Chileans', than anybody's.

New York, N.Y. WAYNE MARSHALL

A Reply

There is no accounting for tastes, and I do not dispute Mr. Marshall's preference for the inexpensive French wines of his own liquor store. But the quality of inexpensive French wines varies greatly, to put it mildly, depending on the deals of the wine merchants. I still maintain that the constant, all-over quality of inexpensive California wines is better. As for giving names and prices—sorry, I am not in the wine-selling business. Since California gallon wines are well-distributed throughout the United States, Mr. Marshall should have no trouble acquainting himself with the various brands.

New York, N.Y.

NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

Erratum

Wonderfully accomplished as your compositor is, he has not improved my remarks on Wittgenstein [Mar. 12] by committing the great philosopher to absolute analysis, or by having Niels Bohr crack the atom bomb. My manuscript said that Wittgenstein was committed to absolute honesty, and that Bohr cracked the atom.

Lexington, Ky. GUY DAVENPORT

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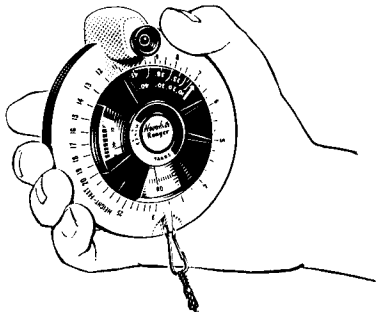
SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (March 12)

Nation's Business: Election Pace.

National Park Service opened four jogging trails in Washington recently. . . . Perhaps our lawmakers should try jogging. Jogging is said to be a great constitutional and may be as close as some politicians get to that historic document.



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The WEEK

● Thought you'd like to know that London Bridge is falling down, at the rate of one inch per octennium, and the relevant authorities (Queen's horses, Queen's men) have decided to improve the occasion by bashing it in. What to do with 10,000 tons of chamfered ashlars quarried in the pits of Devon, Cornwall, and Aberdeen? Dispatch agents Luckin and King to New York. Sell granite to American patsies. Receive in payment: original cobblestones from Brooklyn Bridge, useful in ticky-boo austerity program. Hey, ho, the wind and the rain.

● You'll remember that Bobby Kennedy was the noisiest anti-Vietnam Democrat of 1967. Failing to ignite a revolution, he took a powder. He let it be known he would be content to see Gene McCarthy play the stalking horse. Then New Hampshire proved that there was real political hay, not just stalking-horse hay, in the Vietnik field. And, as B follows A, came the headline, with the ink on the ballots not a day old: "RFK Taking A Fresh Look." Watch out, Eugene McCarthy! Bobby smells votes!

● The February 21 *Milwaukee Sentinel* carries a page-one report of "poet" Allen Ginsberg's recent caper. With about forty students from Lawrence College, he visited the grave of the late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, performed incantations, made cantrip sign, called up the Senator's ghost, and vengefully dispatched it to oblivion. Linda Hatchell, nineteen, a Lawrence scholar, danced on the grave. Yes, Linda, there is a Santa Claus.

● From the minority report of the House Banking and Currency Committee, concerning the proposal to remove the gold "cover" for Federal Reserve Notes: the testimony of "one of our nation's leading international bankers":

> I did discuss this question [curtailment of direct foreign investment] with a high official of an international business corporation. I asked him whether he had been invited to appear at these hearings . . . and he said he had not. I then asked him if he were invited, would he appear, and he said no. I then asked him why he would not appear, and his answer was, "Fear of retaliation." The present direct investment program cannot possibly operate unless numerous exemptions are granted. In this instance it was the fear that if somebody from this company appeared at these hearings and took a critical point of view this might endanger or impair, or influence, or affect the decisions that the Department of Commerce might make in their applications for exemptions. . . .

The minority goes on to chide American businessmen for their "continued silence on a matter so vital to [their] own future survival. . . ."

● Yes, the Senate allows unlimited debate. But only in connection with pending legislation. And it's considered bad form to turn the Senate into a propaganda sounding-board. Note the rasp in Senator Lausche's language when he addresses Senator Fulbright on March 7: "The only way we can reach a decision, instead of talking, is for the Senator of Arkansas to present a resolution to the Senate so that we will not be discussing matters in the abstract but will go right to the heart of the matter. Until he does that, I suggest that he quit talking."

● 1) Your name is Abel, you are boss of the United Steel Workers, or your name is Stulberg, you are boss of the International Ladies Garment Workers, you are members of Americans for Democratic Action, ADA passes a resolution that does not represent your views—you resign, and life goes on. 2) You are John Doe, member of Mr. Abel's union, or you are Richard Roe, member of Mr. Stulberg's union, your union takes a stand that does not represent your views, you resign—and you lose your job.

● "Policies for an expanding economy coupled with responsible price and wage decisions and special measures to convert our competitive advantage into greater exports—that is the combination that holds the key to a lasting solution of our balance-of-payments problems. The measures I have proposed in this message will hasten our progress toward international balance. . . . Let no one doubt it: We will eliminate our international deficit. We will maintain the dollar at full value. Our instruments and our actions must be as strong as our resolve. That is why I have taken the additional steps, and am asking Congress for the new legislation. These measures will focus our great economic strength more sharply on our payments problems. This is a problem that involves us all—as workers, as businessmen, as bankers, and as government officials. I know that the Congress and the American public will respond in full measure to the challenge."—President Johnson, February 10, 1965. That's 1965.

● And here's a familiar face: Danny Escobedo, after whom a whole Supreme Court decision of 1964 is named, getting 22 years from a Chicago judge for having tried to sell heroin to an FBI undercover agent. In 1960 Escobedo confessed to the police that he had conspired to murder his brother-in-law, and

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was convicted; but the conviction was reversed by the Supreme Court four years later because the police had neglected to advise Escobedo of his right to counsel before taking his confession. A lower court then dismissed the murder charge, and Escobedo was turned free, to involve himself in repeated brushes with the law—they're hounding me, he used to plead, because they hate my landmark-decision guts. Well, it wasn't that simple. Horse is horse and selling it is now, was then, and probably ever shall be, against the law.

● The Wells Fargo coach has arrived from Michigan, bringing the Sept. 10 issue of the *Flint Journal* and a column interred therein by one William Kulsea, chief of the *Journal*'s Lansing staff. Quotha: "*Human Events* and NATIONAL REVIEW, a couple of publications which believe that the McKinley era of politics is what this country needs. . . ." Get with it, Kulsea. This year we're running on the 1932 platform of the Democratic Party.

● One of our California agents sends a clipping of a letter by one Robert Goldich in the *San José Mercury,* December 4, 1967: "Editor: Recently you carried a story about a Mr. David Tuck, who testified that in March 1966, as a member of the 33rd Infantry Regiment, he shot a woman prisoner in South Vietnam on officer's orders. This is interesting, because there is not now and never has been a 33rd Infantry Regiment, or any subordinate units of it, stationed anywhere in South Vietnam. . . ." Come out come out wherever you are, Mr. Tuck! Uncle Ho is watching you.

● Stokely Carmichael's dream came true in a television studio. English rosebud Petula Clark was singing an anti-war duet with Harry Belafonte. When she laid her hand on his arm, the man from Chrysler and the advertising executive in charge protested and asked in vain for a retaping. Militarism, racialism, big business and advertising were thus all exposed by one careless gesture. Reports that the adman was Jim Eastland's godson and the sponsor's rep Robert Welch's second cousin were denied by the studio. Well, you can't have everything.

● Lord Salter's public career, which began in 1904, has covered pretty well the entire field: civil servant in several ministries, wartime coordinator of British shipping, Member of Parliament, Cabinet Minister, special envoy to all continents, consultant to a dozen foreign governments. In an interview a while back when his memoirs were published, he cited as the most sobering harvest of his acquaintance with so many of the world's leaders the realization "how far so many people really deteriorate in office. I have known at least half a dozen prime ministers and presidents who were, in the strict medical sense, insane." What's *your* guess as to the names of the half dozen?

● The panacean Thoughts of Chairman Mao, whose application has guided Chinese airplane pilots through the worst of storms and enabled army cooks to cut fuel consumption by innumerable hectograms, have once again been put to a salubrious use. The latest to be balmed by Mao's maxims are a collection of Chinese mental patients who, reports the Soviet magazine *Nedelya,* have "greeted with great enthusiasm" a regular study session in the chairman's thought. "At first," reports *Nedelya,* "certain patients misbehaved during the classes, laughed loudly and produced various bad noises . . . but now the patients study Mao's thought even on Sunday. One violent patient who is constantly dancing and making noise quiets down immediately when the time nears to study the work of Mao."

● Prague Radio has been proudly quoting the judgment of the *New York Times* on the changes made under the new leadership of Alexander Dubcek: "In a country which in spirit has always belonged to the West, the forces of freedom and human dignity are undergoing a rebirth." Elsewhere the *NYT*'s verdict is not so eagerly broadcast. LBJ told a foreign visitor recently that any White House employee who mentioned the *Times* or the *Washington Post* in his presence had to donate $5 to the war on poverty—and would be lucky to keep his job.

● A Greek-speaking friend, recently returned from Greece, brings new light on the junta: "In spite of what the newspapers said, things were not upset in Greece (except the politicians) and we drove to North Central Greece, [the] Southern area, and my parents' home, Argos in Peloponnesia. Talking with the peasants, they did not seem upset over the junta and they are still happy with us from the U.S.A., which was a refreshing state for a change. You may think differently or find things differently, but I was told by individuals, possibly very pro-junta, that when $45 million were given to Greece from U.S.A. for building new housing, only $5 million got to the construction level; the colonels got fed up and took over from the politicians. In any event, the people did not seem upset or uneasy about anything. . . ."

● Rhodesian postscript: The Rev. Francis Boatwright, who runs a mission at Gwaai in Rhodesia, quotes one of his parishioners complaining of drought, who said: "Why don't those Smith and Wilson make it up? We will never get rain while they are quarreling."

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Granite Voices

In New Hampshire it was Richard Nixon going away. His critics, like his opponents, naturally tried both ante and post facto to dismiss the result as meaningless. "With Romney out, Nixon was not running against anybody. . . . Even a spavined carthorse can win a one-horse race. . ." etc. etc. But that's all whistling into the wind. Nixon was indeed running a real race—against probable voter indifference in the face, precisely, of his certain win, against the drag of his own reputation as a loser, against the results on the Democratic ticket, and most particularly against Nelson Rockefeller.

Rockefeller and his supporters did their best to provide Rocky with a preventive sanctuary by insisting on his formal non-candidacy. But a write-in drive had started months ago and, under former New Hampshire governor Hugh Gregg, had gone all-out since the Romney exit. It proved a total flop. With 20,000 more Republicans voting, Rocky got little more than half of his 1964 total, 4,000 under Nixon's 1964 write-in—a miserable 11 per cent, though it presumably included most of those who had been going to vote for Romney.

Perhaps even more important for Nixon, the big Republican turnout (more than a hundred thousand, twice that of the Democrats) as well as the low combined total (21 per cent) for all other Republican candidates proved that there was little active anti-Nixon sentiment. A certain number of voters positively wanted Rockefeller, Romney, Reagan or this or that local figure, and therefore went through the writing-in process. But if there had been a strong and widespread anti-Nixon feeling, this would have been expressed either in a much bigger vote for alternate candidates or abstention from the poll.

The "genuine draft" for which Rockefeller had declared himself waiting turns out to be this cold wind from New Hampshire. So he is now going to have to drop the coy chatter and make up his mind whether he is ready and willing to step openly into the ring for a long, bruising fight. His supporters' doubts about his ability to rally a convention majority around his own banner are shown by the widespread revival of talk about a Rockefeller-Reagan ticket. "An important line," states *U.S. News & World Report* (March 18) "being pursued by a group of Rockefeller supporters led by Spiro T. Agnew of Maryland, is aimed toward the nomination of a ticket of Mr. Rockefeller and Governor Ronald Reagan of California. This is a combination that is spoken of as a 'dream ticket' among the leaders in many important Republican circles." Gov. Reagan restated his lack of interest, "but," comments *U.S. News,* "they do draw hope from Mr. Reagan's recent appeals for party unity."

On the Democratic side the notable result was of course the formidable showing of Senator McCarthy, much beyond what any professional observers had thought possible. The Presidential write-in won less than a majority of the votes cast; McCarthy took 42 per cent. This New Hampshire division adds to the proof of disarray in the Democratic Party indicated by McCarthy's successes in Minnesota and the President's unwillingness to challenge him in Massachusetts. McCarthy's New Hampshire showing is universally interpreted as an expression of the strength of anti-war feeling. Undoubtedly it shows a grave dissatisfaction with the incumbent President and party leader when he is repudiated by so large a proportion of his own party. But a passing reference in an NBC broadcast the night of the primary makes one wonder exactly how much of the dissatisfaction is in truth anti-war. A New Hampshire poll taken by NBC just before the primary showed that only one-third of New Hampshire's Democratic voters felt they knew what McCarthy's stand on the war was; of these, 42 per cent thought he was a hawk. Of those Democrats who thought McCarthy was a dove on Vietnam, 18 per cent said they would vote for him; of those who had no idea one way or another about his stand on the war, 22 per cent said they would vote for him; of those who thought him a hawk, 48 per cent said they would vote for him.

Gold: Who's Minding the Store?

Said a European banker last week, in the silence following an American iteration of our resolve to maintain the dollar at one-thirty-fifth of an ounce of gold: "Every reassurance carries less assurance." Simply on the propaganda level the Johnson Administration has terribly mismanaged the gold problem. One remembers an episode last summer when the President announced the usual announcement that the dollar would be maintained, one was given to presume forever, at $35 per ounce of gold—and within a week a certain assistant secretary of the Treasury also announced that the U. S. would continue to support the dollar. The word of an assistant secretary is not usually invoked to ratify the word of the Chief Executive. Credibility?

And then, if things weren't so grave, we would be moved to laugh at the Washington operetta of last week. Mr. William McChesney Martin Jr., Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, canceled a half-dozen appointments at the last moment and scurried off to Switzerland, there to confer for the weekend with European bankers and monetary experts. In Washington Mr. Martin's office announced that there was "nothing significant" in this turn of events. Are we to infer that our monetary system is being handled by men who cannot even manage their social calendars?

A couple of days ago the Treasury transferred $450

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million of gold to the Exchange Stabilization Fund, which takes care of day-to-day interventions in the international money market. Let's see. We now have about $11 billion in gold. Suppose we would like to keep about $5 billion as a strategic reserve. That means we can make about a dozen more transfers of last week's size before we stop paying gold. The only question in most people's minds is whether these twelve transfers will occur over the next ten months or the next ten weeks.

What happens when we stop making gold payments? Presumably gold will trade hands in foreign markets at prices that reflect the sudden disappearance of the U. S. Treasury as a source of gold. No doubt the world price will rise. That anticipation has fueled the flashing bull market in gold mining shares in recent weeks, and there's reason to believe the shares can rise yet a modest notch or two higher. Assuming $70 gold, for example, Homestake Mining could earn $4 per share (a conservative broker's estimate) as against $1.35 in 1967—or $6 a share (investment management company's estimate)—or $12 a share (swinging newsletter estimate). Try $105 gold? Same sources guess $8, $10, $12. Homestake is nicely priced if gold goes to $70 an ounce and is a bargain only if you think gold is going to $105.

It seems clear enough that the present international monetary arrangements are coming to an end. The great question is, what will replace them? Gov. Claude Kirk, in a recent speech in Chicago, advises that we raise the price of gold now and start redesigning the system in the comparative calm preceding the ultimate chaos. He's not only the governor of Florida but a card-carrying investment analyst. It has been a long time since the Treasury acted on professional advice.

Give This Man a Blank Check?

The Oracle of Albany unbelted the other day (to the London *Daily Express*), but Mr. Rockefeller's words made the Oracle of Delphi seem a positive blabbermouth by comparison. Sample quotes:

On his *candidacy*: "I do not have the right not to be available if I am wanted, but I am not going to force myself. If the party thinks they can win anyway, then I do not want to force myself again into dividing them. But if they do not think they can win with Nixon, that is where I come in." And divide them again, presumably.

On the *American crisis*: "We are facing the most serious situation perhaps ever in American history. I do not say I have the answers now to that situation. But I have no doubt that I can find them"—neatly combining total self-confidence and total vagueness.

On *Vietnam*: "We went into Vietnam to stop the spread of Communism. I do not know whether you could say we have succeeded. Perhaps we should try a broader approach." Gee, how's that for a superstrategy?

Rocky's two crises—1964: "I went against the party and it really was a terrible thing to do." (Now he tells us.) "I did it because I had to make a point. . .about extremism."

1966: "The polls and everyone else told me I was finished—that I could not stand again and hope to win

USA
PUBLIC WELFARE
RACE RIOTS
"Race rioting is like a bull charging a train. He is a brave bull but his tracks are his only monument." CASSIUS CLAY
Batchelor

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NOW—in this one fact-filled new book—you can get the kind of information you want and need about politics today—and tomorrow! It's all here—the color, the background, the reasons why American conservatism is stronger today than ever before!

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Here is just a sampling of what you will find in this book:

How Many Conservatives Are There?

Evans will show you why there are in fact many more *conservatives* than Republicans in America today—perhaps *twice* as many—and what this devastating analysis does to Liberal Republican pretensions.

More, he explains why the Romney-Rockefeller-Javits-Lindsay-types *can't help* but hurt overall Republican chances. Tracing our political history in vivid detail from the days of Robert A. Taft right up to the present, Evans explains that the decisive votes are shifting from the Liberal-dominated Eastern metropolitan areas toward the conservative-oriented West and South, and—perhaps most important of all—towards a nation-wide Suburbia that is increasingly immune to the power of Big Labor and city bosses.

What about the 27 Million?

Evans uses Barry Goldwater's 1964 campaign to illustrate his thesis: who *were* the 27 million Americans who stayed with Goldwater? Were they the followers of Liberal Republican defectors (unwilling to believe what their leaders said about Barry)? Were they drawn from the misty ranks of the so-called "Independent" voters? Or were they in fact representative of fundamental conservative strength in America?

Also, was it true that Goldwater's famous "Southern Strategy" was wrong? Was it "immoral"? (How can the *same* vote be immoral in the Republican column, but moral in the Democratic column?)

Why Liberals Fear the South

Evans explains in graphic detail the reasons *why* the Liberals fear Republican-conservative penetration of the South: because they realize full well that if (and *only* if) the Republicans become a truly national Party, they can again become the majority party! Yet, as you will see, the South is already far along the road back to the two-party system—and the pace may well be greatly accelerated this year, *provided* the GOP nominates a conservative candidate. (Otherwise, of course, George Wallace can be expected to poll enough votes to put the South safely back into the Democratic column.)

What You May Enjoy Most

This fascinating book contains so many facts and ideas that it is impossible to describe them all adequately here, but you will probably find the following subjects among the most interesting:

- What would have happened if Goldwater had faced John F. Kennedy?
- What is the real Republican "Mainstream"?
- The meaning and importance of the New Left and New Right.
- What is the *real* Liberal-Republican batting average in winning elections?
- Are conservatives really interested in winning?
- Could a conservative President produce a new national "consensus"?

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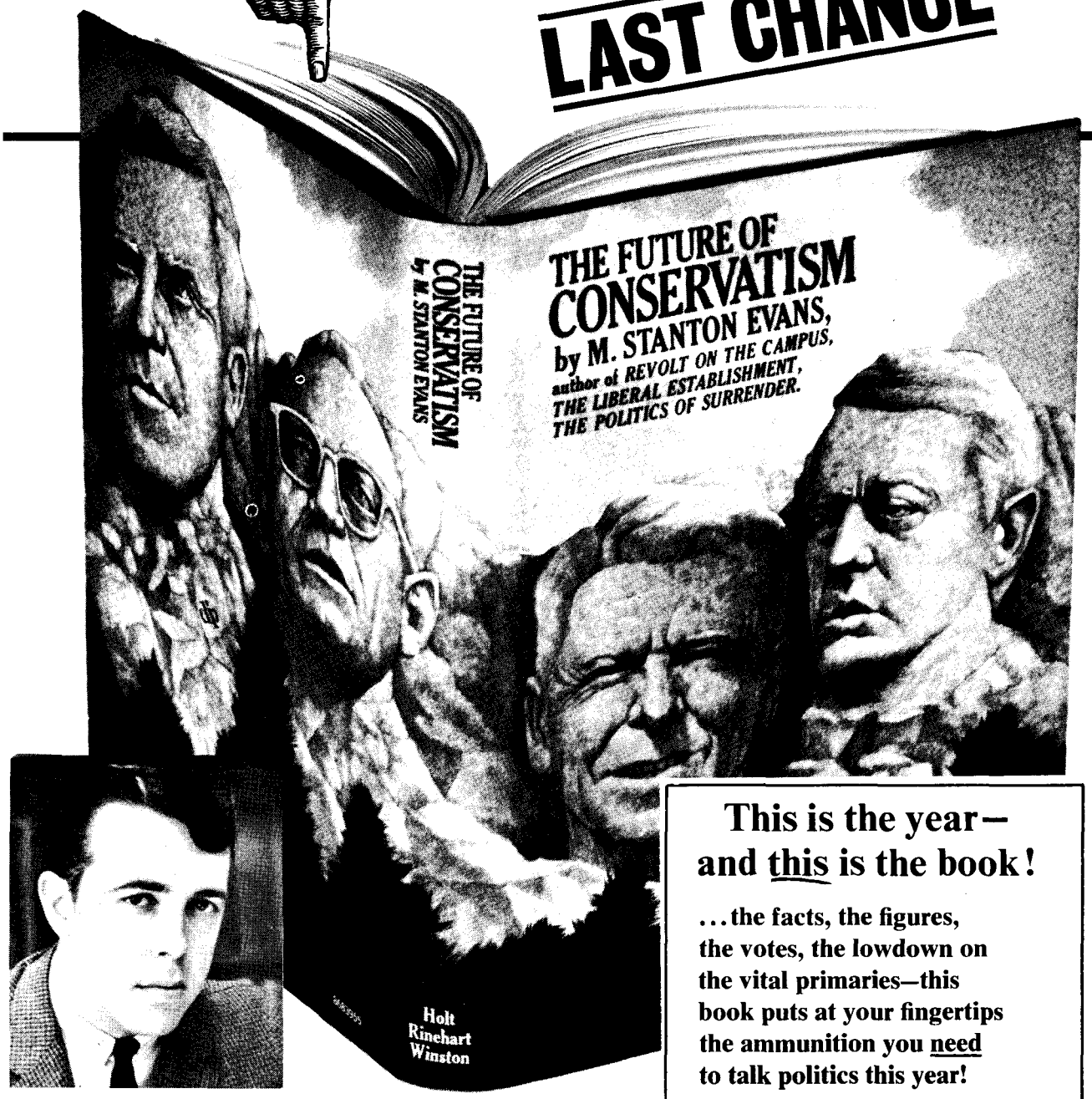

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"[—the liberals]...are not so confident of their position as they would have us believe. In the...changing American mood, the growing anxiety of...liberal intellectuals, the restiveness of the young, we glimpse *the sources of their anxiety. The professed object is to save the Republican party by injecting it with liberalism; the real object is to save liberalism by injecting it with the Republican party."*

—The Future of Conservatism

About The Author...

M. Stanton Evans is well known to *National Review* readers for his incisive political reporting (not to mention his regular *Bulletin* column). For many years an associate editor of NR, he is now Editor-in-Chief of the *Indianapolis News*. A 1955 graduate of Yale, Evans is the author of "Revolt on the Campus," "The Liberal Establishment," and "The Politics of Surrender." In "The Future of Conservatism," Evans concentrates on presenting the conservative movement's current and future prospects in the kind of realistic terms that will appeal to those looking for the *facts* about the contemporary political scene.

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a third term as governor of New York State. But I believed I could. . .and I went out and froze those other people. That was a tremendous satisfaction. For the second time I had had the courage to stand in the face of total opposition for something I believed in." He also had five million dollars to spend.

Now we breathlessly await the dénouement: Will the intrepid governor have the courage to stand for the third time in the face of total opposition for something he believes in—even if we, and we suspect he himself, do not know what that something is?

Rx for Balance of Payments Deficits

It is already obvious that the Presidential medicine for cutting $3 billion from our annual balance of payments deficit is not going to work. Parts of it (e.g. the anti-travel proposals) will be rejected by Congress; other parts will reduce foreign spending in this country at least as much as they reduce our spending in foreign countries; all of it is impossible to administer efficiently.

Feeling sorry for both the President and the dollar under the circumstances, *NR* offers, absolutely free, a quick, simple, easily compounded prescription that will accomplish the President's goal.

1) Cut U. S. diplomatic and paradiplomatic personnel overseas by thirty per cent. (Annual saving, at least $500 million.)

2) Sell South Africa the arms its wants for external defensive purposes. (Total presently sought by South Africa, $500 million.)

3) Cancel AID loans and grants not tied to spending the money in the U. S. (Saving, at least $250 million.)

4) Bring about settlement of copper strike. (Strike has been compelling purchase of foreign copper at rate of one billion dollars yearly.)

5) Tax money gifts sent abroad twenty-five per cent, except those for disaster and special humanitarian purposes. (Savings, perhaps $250 million annually.)

6) Bring 30,000 troops with dependents home from Europe. (Savings, at least $300 million annually, with no appreciable shift in strategic situation under current circumstances.)

7) Follow European system of rebate on export goods of sum equivalent to internal taxes, including income taxes. (Improvement in balance, through lowered export prices, perhaps a couple of billion dollars annually.)

Enough?

"Not Yet! . . . Not Yet!"

Student Power

Recent Events on Campus: NEW YORK—Columbia students boycott classes and attend lectures on draft resistance instead. A week before, they demonstrated against construction of a gymnasium. The reason? Students and nearby residents weren't consulted before building began. MADRID—Police eject a thousand students who have staged a three-day sit-in at the University of Santiago de Compostela. They were protesting the expulsion of classmates after riots the week before. ROME—Rome University reopens twelve days after student-police clashes left 200 wounded. Students promptly hold a sit-in. They want improved dormitory facilities. BONN—The German Students Association, which represents 300,000 young people, convenes and calls for a "permanent revolution" in West Germany. Other items on the agenda are resolutions denouncing U. S. actions in Vietnam and demanding recognition of East Germany, both approved. CAMBRIDGE, Eng.—Students break through police lines and try to overturn the car of Defense Secretary Denis Healey. They want an end to the war in Vietnam and more voice in the running of their universities. TOKYO—Hundreds of students and police are injured in rioting. Students are protesting condemnation of a farmer's land for construction of an international airport. WARSAW—Students demonstrate in the streets against government control of cultural affairs. Police and workers' militia beat them back with rubber hoses. PRAGUE—Czech students demand television time to ex-

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press their solidarity with students in Warsaw.

All this shows that student power has gone international. Further conclusions come harder, for how can one reconcile anti-government demonstrations in democratic, semi-democratic, fascist, and Communist states? Where there is unity of tactics and slogans, the immediate complaint seems so drastically different in each instance. The solution to this puzzle may be that the global expansion of the student movement may be expressing more a vague unity of sentiment than any common goal or program. Everywhere the students seem to be rebelling against some manifestation of what they see as a stifling bureaucratic mass system that leaves them powerless and is unresponsive to their needs and desires. They put forward a counter-ideal of "participatory democracy," without defining its meaning or explaining how it might support a world's population that leaps upward into the mid-billions. But the obscurity of the program does not stop the sentiment from spreading ever more widely over the campuses of the earth, with no current signs of recession.

Westward From Philadelphia

Out there at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, they've studied the Constitution and found it sadly wanting. And so Rexford Guy Tugwell, ex-Brain Truster, is rewriting it under the watchful and approving eye of Robert M. Hutchins, the Center's housemother. Why rewrite the Constitution? It's, uh, outmoded—almost two hundred years old. Doesn't say a thing about the *important* issues, like urban sprawl, pollution, labor unions, safe perambulators. "It has ceased to become an instrument and has become . . . an impediment." And then "there has always been that sentiment of sacredness concerning the constitution." Tsk!

The rest of us must wait awhile for the fruits of Tugwell's labors as (the phrase is funny old Bob Hutchins') "a refounding father"—he's hard at work on his thirty-second draft. But hints are found in an article by Tugwell in the Center's magazine, branch by branch. 1) The Judicial—despite its current "liberal phase"—will be shorn of the power of review (Rex obviously can't forget the Nine Old Men of thirty years ago). 2) The Executive will be divided, because it's just too much for one man; Tugwell wants triumvirs to divide up "the Executive, the Leadership, and the Chief of State functions." 3) The Legislative must Think Nationally, because the Framers were wrong in believing that "the pursuit of many local advantages would result in general advantage for the nation," so House and Senate will be elected from larger constituencies—ideally at-large nationally. Modest Proposal: Before the Tugwell Constitution is adopted, let it be tried out on a new nation—say, the Democratic Republic of Santa Barbara (R. M. Hutchins, Maximum Leader).

Death in Rhodesia

"Illegal and savage acts in defiance of world public opinion," said U Thant of the Rhodesian executions. Let us look at each charge in turn.

Illegal. The crimes for which the men were convicted are punishable by the death penalty, which exists in Rhodesia and, until 1965, existed also in Great Britain. The crimes were committed in 1964. The question whether the government of Rhodesia has the right to execute criminals who would not now be executed in Great Britain is impertinent; the question whether the Queen, to whom Rhodesians still consider themselves subject, has the right to commute Rhodesian death sentences is answered by Sir Hugh Beadle, Chief Justice of Rhodesia: "It is a matter much to be deplored that the Queen was brought into this. It is not a personal decision by Her Majesty but by her Government. Her Majesty is quite powerless in this matter." Powerless, that is, in the sense that she is bound to comply with the wishes of Harold Wilson's government, which has sought to use the executions as a test case of its nonexistent authority over the government of Rhodesia, and for other purposes as well (see On the Right).

Savage. It happens that Sir Hugh, who presides over the Rhodesian High Court which handed down the sentences, is the eminent jurist whose opposition, in 1965, to Rhodesia's Unilateral Declaration of Independence led Harold Wilson to praise "his sagacity, judgment and humanity." Does Sir Hugh forfeit these virtues when, having satisfied himself as to the legitimacy of the Rhodesian Constitution, he proceeds to carry out its laws? The first two men to die on March 6 were members of a terrorist group

Grand Illusion

I see the "mainstream" met to do
A duplicate of '52.
Hugh Scott was there and Edward Brooke
And Javits, hungering to cook
The Nixon goose precisely like
They roasted Robert Taft with Ike.
So far so good. As you recall,
Taft reckoned if he tallied all
The votes he had this time back then,
To win, he scarcely needed ten.
Unfortunately, folks (for *them*),
They've got a faulty stratagem.
We broke the *Germans* down with Ike.
Nelson? He broke a garbage strike.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ To some Washington officials, each new strike of public employees—teachers, welfare workers, bus drivers, garbagemen or whatever—brings a special shiver. After all, if municipal workers can get away with striking today, will federal employees get away with it tomorrow or the day after? Think of the chaos that would result (especially in all levels of American business) if the letter carriers were to walk out. What would the government do if the already unionized Internal Revenue Service employees were to call a strike? Chilling—to Treasury officials, at any rate.

According to the Civil Service Commission, 1.2 million, or 45 per cent, of the Federal Government's workers are now covered by "exclusive recognition" agreements between the government and a variety of unions. (To be sure, not all of them are union members—but nevertheless, a union represents them.) The Post Office, first government department to become a union target, is the most heavily organized. Eighty-six per cent of its workers belong to the United Federation of Postal Clerks, National Association of Letter Carriers and several smaller unions. The largest union of government workers is the American Federation of Government Employees (AFGE), which represents 187,000 white-collar and 140,000 blue-collar men.

And the trend is steadily upward. Over the past fifteen months, the number of all government workers covered by exclusive recognition agreements rose five per cent—and the number of blue-collar workers so covered, by thirty-five per cent. The number of units (offices, departments, branches) whose workers are represented by the AFGE rose by fifty-five per cent in the same period—and the newly-formed National Federation of Federal Employees recorded an even bigger gain.

There is another trend: toward union militancy. At present, Federal Government employees do not have the right to strike—and their unions are usually run by old-timers who have been content to keep things that way. But now the union leaders are being challenged by young insurgents, especially in the big postal unions. Whether the old boys give way to the militants or give in to them to save their own skins, the effect will be the same; more militancy, more demands for the right to strike, and more illegal strikes like the ones that disrupted post offices in Buffalo, N.Y. and Newark, N.J. last yuletide.

All the government unions are safely under the tent of the AFL-CIO right now. But the biggest of them, the AFGE, is said to be playing footsie with Walter Reuther, who is pressing to radicalize the AFL-CIO. If he fails at the showdown in the special convention he has called for next September, he will probably pull his United Auto Workers out of the federation. He could just take the AFGE with him. John Griner, its president, met with Reuther last week to discuss plans for the special convention. The two men have not been noticeably close heretofore, but Griner's union is part of the AFL-CIO's Industrial Union Department. This is headed by Reuther and has given AFGE help in organizing government workers. Also, the AFGE is miffed at the AFL-CIO hierarchy from George Meany on down, because the federation sided with the Metal Trades Council and against AFGE in a jurisdictional dispute over who would organize certain blue-collar workers.

A decision to pull the AFGE out of the AFL-CIO and ally it with the new labor organization that Reuther may build would have to be taken by the rank and file. Certainly, the members of that and other unions are thinking in more militant terms with each victory of public employees in the nation's cities.

◆ Well, the Illinois Democrats didn't nominate Sargent Shriver for governor after all, so there is new speculation that the battle-weary head of the war on poverty will be our next Ambassador to France. White House sources are busily Refusing to Deny-or-Confirm, but it is known that Lyndon Johnson offered Shriver the job in January, at which time Shriver said he would rather not make up his mind right away—presumably, until Illinois Democratic kingpin Richard Daley had made up both their minds. The Paris post may look like an island of calm to Shriver, compared to the OEO, even though the French are cranky these days. (As the wife of one diplomat stationed there said the other day during a furlough home, "Everywhere I go, I am held personally responsible for the war in Vietnam.")

—CATO

---

called the Crocodiles. While the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' conference was taking place in London in 1964, the Crocodiles attacked white settlers in Rhodesia's eastern highlands. They set up a roadblock on a lonely road and ambushed the driver when he got out. A *Daily Express* account continues:

> Somehow Petrus [Oberholzer] got back behind the wheel but his skull was fractured in four places and there were sixteen stab wounds in his body, nine of them in his head and neck. . . . He somehow managed to drive his van over the rock barrier and accelerate it in a wild zigzag up the road. . . . One hundred yards up the road Oberholzer died, the van hit a culvert and overturned as the Crocodiles ran up to it. Crushed by the dead body of her husband, Mrs. Oberholzer, still clutching [her baby] Elizabeth, was trapped in the cabin as the Crocodiles threw a lighted petrol bomb through the window.

The bomb did not ignite. Before another one could be thrown a second car appeared, scaring the attackers off. Only two were caught.

The third man who went to the gallows participated in the axe murder of an elderly African. "It will be

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seen," said Sir Hugh, "that each of these cases is a case of most brutal and savage murder." Yet Sir Hugh is the savage in U Thant's book.

World Public Opinion. Following these executions, Pope Paul VI asked clemency for six other men scheduled to die on March 11. Rhodesia executed two, granted four stays of execution, and commuted the death sentences of nine. It would appear that the regime is not insensitive to outside appeals. And perhaps it considers those consequences are best avoided which turn convicted murderers into martyrs of a cause already more *célèbre* than it deserves.

Notes & Asides

Mr. R. G. Rivera Bengoa of Tampa has had difficulty publishing his predictions for the balance of 1968. We are glad to oblige. They are: "Castro takes Key West in a sudden action because it lies within Cuba's territorial waters and is a menace to its fishing interests. Senator Fulbright demands we evacuate Miami to avoid possible friction with Castro's forces in Key West. . . . The Archbishop of Cyprus, with the aid of two armed sailboats, impounds an American heavy cruiser. Senator Mansfield recommends the ship be exchanged for the crew and that $100 million be given for the bishop's inconvenience . . . Albania jails the touring New York Philharmonic Orchestra for playing the Fifth Symphony because the first few notes are offensive to China's efforts in Indonesia. Senator Morse agrees and introduces legislation to eliminate the opening bars. . . ."

● I talked in England with Melvin Lasky, the surviving editor of *Encounter,* which was the eye of last year's hurricane for having taken funds during the Fifties from the Central Intelligence Agency. The resignation of Stephen Spender as co-editor was followed by a loosely organized and ineffective boycott by intellectuals and writers more or less on the prowl for opportunities to be churlish to America. *Encounter* goes right on, untroubled; and publishing some valuable material. The big thing in the February issue was the transcript of a television interview with three young Russians one of whom, asked what would be the result of its being known to Soviet authorities that he was giving the interview, replied: "If they caught me in this car, then the least I could expect would be to get five years' imprisonment." *Encounter* got the tapes from the television company, transcribed them, and had the type set up: when, get this, the Russians put pressure on the television company to seek a restraining order against *Encounter*'s publishing its February issue. It didn't work, but Mr. Lasky expressed himself as "astonished that the long arm of Russian censorship should try to extend into the British press and television." Nobody else, apparently, was astonished; or indignant. Somebody is sure to get around to suggesting that The Three Russians are agents of the CIA.

● Mr. James Goodyear of Prospect Park, Pa., writes: "After reading your article on the correlation of wealth to anti-Communism, it occurred to me that you might be interested in the results of a recent doctoral dissertation in sociology done at Penn State. This study found that members of SENSE (it was, at the time, the leading left-wing organization on campus) had a parental income almost twice that of the parental income of members of YAF."

● Have you noticed how disappointed his followers are in Senator Eugene McCarthy? And for the most interesting reasons, namely the Senator's adamant sense of responsibility. It is an ironic master-stroke that his name is the same as Bad Joe's, whose behavior his critics wept tears of rage over, whose behavior they now not-so-secretly wish Senator Eugene were just a little bit more capable of. . . . "He [Eugene] called us to Armageddon and then located it in Scarsdale, New York—or perhaps Pasadena, California [writes Dwight Macdonald in *Esquire*]. His campaign has been muted to the point of silence (how that other, wicked McCarthy would have grabbed the headlines this virtuous one hasn't), well-bred to the point of boredom—he may put us to sleep but he'll never, no never be vulgar. . . . Why doesn't he give the works to his President—it's been done before in American politics?" Why doesn't he shoot his President?—it's been done before in American politics. And then we could have a sequel to *Macbird!* for Dwight to croon about? What's the *matter* with America?

● And finally, I must pass along an item from a French paper, untranslatable, imperishable. . . . "Avignon. 'Mettez le gâteau au réfrigérateur', avait dit à Carmen sa bonne, une brune Espagnole de dix-neuf ans, une habitante de Vaison-la-Romaine. Ne se trouvant en France que depuis deux mois et ne connaissant que des rudiments de la langue française, la jeune fille, si elle entendit bien le mot gâteau, le traduisit par 'gato', ce qui, dans sa langue maternelle, signifie 'chat.' Obeissante, elle empoigna 'Fonfon,' le magnifique chat angora de sa patronne et l'enferma dans le réfrigerateur. Ses maîtres ne devaient revenir que le soir et c'est à l'issue d'un diner, qu'elle offrait à des amis, que la maîtresse de 'Fonfon' mesura l'étendue du drame. Ayant demandé a Carmen d'apporter le gâteau, quelle ne fut pas sa stupeur et sa douleur de voir arriver sur un plateau le cadavre de 'Fonfon,' complètement frigorifié." **—WFB**

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

Time For Some Answers

General Earle G. Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, flew to South Vietnam at the end of February for a three-day survey. It is reported that he brought back with him General Westmoreland's request for 206,000 troops in addition to the 525,000 level presently authorized. This request is said to have triggered a fierce debate inside the Pentagon, State Dept. and White House, as it surely ought to have done. An increase of that order would mean a qualitative as well as quantitative change in the war effort. It would no longer be possible to continue the business-as-usual framework. A substantial portion of the reserves would have to be called up, and at least some measures of fiscal and economic mobilization would become inevitable. The Administration has no right to ask the citizens to accept this new requisition, and they quite possibly will not accept it, unless they get more convincing answers than have so far been given to a number of questions.

Burnham

This is the hundredth or so request for more bodies that has come since we started with the 35-man Military Assistance Advisory Group in 1950. First and most obvious of the questions is simply: What reason is there to believe that still another increase in manpower is any more likely than all the increases before it to lead to a positive result? Is it really the number of troops that is the key problem? Granted the strategy that has so far guided our operations, is it really possible to bring the war to a satisfactory conclusion? If not, would it become so provided we change the strategy? If a satisfactory result is impossible no matter what strategy we adopt, then what's all the shooting for?

At the end of 1964 the Vietcong was on the brink of success in South Vietnam, and were stopped by our large-scale intervention that began early in 1965. General Westmoreland as theater commander and the higher instances that set the terms of his mission may properly claim credit for this essential but negative achievement. It was then necessary to establish the logistic base for the presence of a large and powerful force. This, too, was accomplished. But that force having been brought into being, General Westmoreland has not seemed to know what to do with it.

Strategic Dead Center

Politically and strategically there seems to have been no fundamental improvement since the 1965 clinch. Westmoreland has lost the partial initiative he gained for a while; his forces appear to be stuck in defensive swamps—giving an excellent account of themselves in direct combat, certainly, but almost everywhere on the receiving end of the enemy's initiative. The enemy has taken a lot of punishment both north and south of the DMZ; but not more than he can absorb. Thus the war does appear to be in a strategic stalemate. It is hard to see how our sending two hundred thousand more men—who can after all be matched numerically from his side—will alter that stalemate.

The truth is that the strategy of gradual escalation has failed. Stalemate rather than victory—even limited victory—is the natural outcome of that strategy, which renounces the effort to strike a stunning blow.

Escalation has much reduced the "civil war" component of the fighting in South Vietnam, and forced North Vietnam more and more into the open. Hanoi now openly names General Giap as commander. Major North Vietnam units are now openly in the field. North Vietnamese elements are present at all levels. Command coordination was strikingly shown in the Tet offensive. And of course all major weapons and most other military supplies come to the enemy forces in the South from or through North Vietnam. Thus the identification of the main fighting enemy is now unmistakable. It is the Communist state of North Vietnam, incorporating some South Vietnamese elements in its ranks, not "the revolutionary masses" of South Vietnam assisted by a sympathetic North Vietnam.

This fact suggests a fundamental strategic change that might break the stalemate and bring the war to a satisfactory conclusion. The opponent in the south is dependent on the enemy to the north, and would be reduced to manageable proportions if cut off from the north. To bring this about by passive and defensive means—a cordon sanitaire around the entire South Vietnamese perimeter — is conceivable, but would take not a couple of hundred thousand but several million more soldiers. The only other way would be by hurting North Vietnam badly enough to compel its government to stop intervening in the South. Measures appropriate to that purpose have often enough been listed, though those sufficient three years ago might no longer be enough.

What Do They Believe?

As a *Times* (London) correspondent put it from Saigon the other day: "The U. S. has only two choices left in Vietnam: to negotiate its way out or to seek a purely military victory after which it can dictate terms to Hanoi."

Experience has proved it impossible within the foreseeable future to bring matters to a conclusion along the strategic line of the past three years. If our leaders further believe that it is impossible to force the North Vietnamese to give up the South, or that the attempt would run too grave a risk, then isn't it time to get out? What reason would remain for rejecting the proposals of Senator Gene McCarthy?

These are among the questions that Washington ought to answer before replying to Gen. Westmoreland's request.

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Liberalism Run Riot

PRINCIPLES & HERESIES

Frank S. Meyer

Judging by the summary of the Report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders (which is all of the Report that is available as I write), it is one of the most preposterous ebullitions of the liberal spirit ever seriously submitted to the public. Created to assess the insurrectionary riots of 1967 and to propose measures to avert their continuation, the Commission has put the blame everywhere but where it belongs, everywhere, that is, except upon the rioters and upon the liberals who, with their abstract ideology, prepared the way for the riots by their contempt for social order and their utopian, egalitarian enticements and incitements. As Richard Nixon has said—and his courage and honesty should be commended: "[The Report] in effect blames everybody for the riots except the perpetrators of the riots, and I think that that deficiency has to be dealt with first. Until we have order, we can have no progress."

Meyer

THIS IS THE HEART of the question. The issue facing the United States this summer is the survival of a free society. No society can exist in a state of endemic disorder. Specifically, a representative republic cannot function if its magistrates and its representative assemblies are subject to blackmail by mob violence. Most of the violence has as yet not been so directly applied, although we have seen the invasion of the legislative chambers of California and South Carolina. But Martin Luther King's plans for this April in Washington are openly directed towards the overawing of the Congress. It was with just such tactics that the Jacobins led the mob of Paris to overawe the Assembly and usher in the terrorist stage of the French Revolution.

The Commission was faced with a condition—the condition of incipient revolution. It responded with a theory, the truly utopian theory that if sums massive enough to bankrupt the nation and heavily penalize the productive, tax-paying section of the population were spent, and if simultaneously deep-ingrained prejudices were eliminated, then at some point in the future (even John Lindsay could not have meant this summer, or next summer, or the summer after), everything would be solved.

I WAIVE FOR THE MOMENT the question whether further governmental expenditures along the lines which hitherto have done nothing to moderate strife would have the effect the Commission projects. I waive the Commission's proposed creation of a massive bureaucracy to administer its stupendous program — a development inimical to the freedom of white and Negro alike—and the question of the injustice inherent in massive taxation of already massively taxed producers, white and Negro alike. I waive the cherubic innocence of the Commission's dictate that white "racism" must be eliminated—although it might have anticipated Daniel Moynihan's observation on reading the report, that strongly held ethnic or religious attitudes have never been eliminated in any society of which he knows.

Still, granted the validity of absurdity, granted what I would deny—that the measures it proposes are either appropriate or just — what has the Commission proposed to meet the terrifying immediate situation it was called into being to consider? In a word, nothing.

That situation is a revolutionary situation — though with a difference from most revolutionary situations. Revolution means the seizing of power by force and terror. In the American situation it is clearly impossible for the self-styled leaders of a tenth of the population ever effectively to seize power, but the exercise of force and terror is an integral aspect of the developing Negro revolution. While it could not achieve the true revolutionary aim of seizing power, it could make orderly government impossible. In fact, to the degree that it is not controlled by the legal authorities of society, it will inevitably bring into existence counterforces of violence and thereby subject us to long-lasting, endemic civil war.

NO SOCIETY—least of all a free society—can subsist if the challenge of illegal violence is not met with all the force of legal authority necessary to subdue it. This is the first answer the Commission should have given, before going on to consider the causes which have fed revolutionary violence and to recommend measures to alleviate those causes.

Such a consideration would have required a different spirit, however, than the spirit of liberalism. It would have put the whole problem in the perspective of the immense gains that a large section of the Negro people have made over the past decades. It would have built on the great insight of Booker T. Washington, that the Negro people will gain respect and status primarily on the basis of their achievement of economic and social skills and disciplines—a truth that hundreds of thousands of solid Negro families are demonstrating in our time. It would have considered how our free economic system could be motivated to assist in this decisive endeavor. Above all it would not have compounded the basic cause of the present crisis.

FOR THAT CAUSE is implicit in the Report itself. It is the false hope with which the liberals have imbued American Negroes, that by an act of government, without strenuous effort, without the time always needed for beneficent social change, instant Utopia could be created. With this promise drummed into their ears by a generation of liberal ideologues, but with life improving only slowly, the foundation for revolutionary violence was laid. The Commission, with its grandiose escalation of that same liberal ideology, has only added fuel to the fire it was created to help put out.

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REPORT ON THE RIOTS

Does America deserve to have riots? What really causes them? The President's Commission let its guilty conscience be its guide

HOW NOT TO PREVENT CIVIL DISORDERS

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

The Report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders is so comprehensive as to be useless: the attempt to include everything makes it unselective, though for this very reason, unobjectionable. Nothing is left out, but there is no distinction between the desirable and the possible, and no priorities are given: all things—from changing personal attitudes to rebuilding cities—are to be done (by spending money) at once; wherefore none will be.

Although unwilling to give programmatic priorities, the Commission is unsparing with remonstrances and recriminations addressed to whites; they amount to a misleading "explanation" for last summer's riots. For, if all the grievances of the rioters were justified (and I think most are) they would not "explain" the riots; these were caused by the grievances as much, and no more, as the murder of Jews in Germany, or of capitalists in Russia, was "caused" by grievances against them.

Despite pale disclaimers—riots must not be regarded, after all, as rational or desirable remedies—the Commission clearly suggests that the riots have come as a punishment for our sins, and are to be avoided in the future by repentance and repair. Undoubtedly a religiously orthodox explanation, but not a scientific one. Sins we have committed. Possibly we deserve everything we get and more—I won't argue the point. But the Commission confused sin and punishment with cause and effect: it assumed that whatever deserved punishment *ipso facto* was the cause of the riots, which are felt to be the punishment deserved. Such a theory of crime and punishment does not flow from information and analysis; it has nothing to do with the facts; it was dictated by the guilty consciences of the Commission's members. However, conscience is not a reliable guide to investigate and predict factual matters, nor to determine what means of control would be effective: conscience is a guide only to normative matters, to moral aims, not to the effectiveness of means or of causes.

Pangs of Conscience

There is not a shred of evidence indicating that the riots were caused by our sins—any more than that epidemics of bubonic plague, or the sack of Rome, were caused by the unquestioned sinfulness of the population. Now, if the Report had mentioned infection, or weakness—but it does not; it cannot, because it is part of both—a symptom rather than a diagnosis of the malaise it was to scrutinize. For the riots—the report notwithstanding—were caused less by our sinfulness than by our attempts to repent for it—to repair the harm done—and by the guilty conscience so dramatically manifested by the Commission.

The Commission believes in a secularized Marxist version of the crime (sin) and punishment theory. Riots occur because white society is rich and allows, or causes, Negroes to be poor in its midst. If the Commission had used more mundane means of investigation—it seems to have used moral generosity exclusively—it might have found that:

(a) the contrast between rich and poor (including Negroes) was greater in the past;
(b) the contrast is greater in most European countries;
(c) the U.S. riots did not occur where Negroes were least well treated;
(d) the contrast is greater in the Soviet Union (if one considers not theory, but consumption, power, and prestige differentials), and
(e) in India and South America.

Morally the contrast may be deplorable. But it neither "explains" nor "caused" the riots.

Negroes have certainly been discriminated against, beginning with slavery. They have suffered from deprivation and lack of opportunity, from unfulfilled promises, and, finally, from demoralization. Yet discrimination has diminished, and conditions have rapidly improved since the Second World War. There has been more improvement in the last twenty years than in the previous two hundred. Thus, the Commission, after stating that white incomes have risen faster than Negro incomes (true for the two aggregate groups, but not for each sub-group), finds (inconspicuously) that "the proportion of Negro families with incomes of $7,000 or more was double in 1966 (28 per cent) of what it was in 1960 [!] and four times greater than the proportion receiving such incomes in 1947" and that "the proportion of Negroes employed in high-skill, high-status and well-paying jobs, rose faster than the comparable proportion among whites from 1960 to 1966." Further, "in 1947, 65 per cent of all Negro families made less than $3,000; in 1966 only thirty-two per cent." A more extended statistical presentation would confirm that, in all material respects, the fate of Negroes has improved faster than ever before, although, as one

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might expect, some groups benefited more than others.

The riots occurred not despite, but because, of this rapid improvement. The point has been made very well by Alexis de Tocqueville:

"It is natural that the love of equality should constantly increase together with equality itself, and that it should grow by what it feeds on. . . ."
". . . . When a people which has put up with an oppressive rule over a long period without protest suddenly finds the government relaxing its pressure, it takes up arms against it. . . ."
". . . . Experience teaches us that, generally speaking, the most perilous moment for a bad government is one when it seeks to mend its ways. . . ."
". . . . The mere fact that certain abuses have been remedied draws attention to the others and they now appear more galling; people may suffer less, but their sensibility is exacerbated. . . ."

Modern empirical research states these matters less succinctly and elegantly, but confirms them amply. The inevitable is tolerated, the inadequate is not: improvement as a process leads to more dissatisfaction than static misery, for aspiration fueled by the process of improvement pulls ahead of any possible fulfillment.

The Vicious Circle

Although they do not "explain" riots, many external causes for dissatisfaction among Negroes remain. Drawn by economic circumstances, Negroes have migrated to cities which lack facilities to house them. In turn they lack the skills which would allow them to earn a reasonable living there, even in the absence of discrimination. Unions make it both hard to acquire and to utilize skills; and our government does not like to enforce laws against unions. Immigration into the cities, indeed, propinquity—let alone integration—intensifies dissatisfaction by comparison with better-off neighbors. (Thus, Lander[1] states: "when other factors are held constant, delinquency rates are highest in areas of maximum racial heterogeneity", i.e., not in areas tenanted by whites, or by Negroes, and regardless of housing conditions etc.) Government welfare provisions are marvelously unintelligent: they disorganize Negro families, they cause many to spurn menial and low-paid jobs they could fill, and they humiliate everybody unnecessarily. Welfare provisions defeat any reasonable purpose, and perpetuate the welfare worker, his client, and the misery of both.

Many of these hardships are unavoidable on the way to improvement; other immigrant groups (Negroes, however native, are immigrants to our cities with no fewer problems of acculturation than, say, Italians) have overcome similar hardships without assistance. But some hardships are much worse for Negroes than for other immigrant groups: they are different; and so are the circumstances. (Yet many might be avoided, not necessarily by more money, but by more intelligent ways of using it.)

These external causes—added to many internal ones—have caused Negroes to become more demoralized, hopeless and resentful than any immigrant group ever was. The Commission contributes to this demoralization. No other group has been told so often and so authoritatively what the Commission has now repeated *ex cathedra:* that all their misfortunes are due to others (who therefore must pay for all improvements); and that they are somehow entitled to discharge (at least excused for discharging) their resentment against those who have what they want, by taking it away, or by destroying it.

Not only does the Commission blame the riots on those rioted against—it also proposes to make rioting more rewarding. The equation is: if there are riots, people are dissatisfied; let's satisfy them, for we must be at fault if they were dissatisfied. The conclusion, for anyone dissatisfied or resentful—for good or bad reasons—is obvious: if you riot, you get what you need or want fast; if you don't, you don't, and you may never. It should be obvious that grievances should be remedied according to their merits, but never so as to reward the aggrieved for expressing their resentment by injurious actions. However, it was not obvious to the Commission.

Full of good will and innocent naiveté, empty of historical or sociological knowledge, the Commission treats the riots as the rational phenomenon they are not. By now many Negroes want to fight, and win a victory—even if they could get more material benefits without fighting white authorities. The need to defy, to fight and to win, if you wish, to get things illegally and violently, has become independent of material effects, something desired for its own sake—probably the most important cause of the riots. This need, generated by feelings of humiliation and inadequacy, and by the consequent anger, cannot be satisfied by anything given—only by things taken; not by concessions, only by victories.

Indulgence Is not the Remedy

Nothing is more pitiful therefore, and sillier, than the stance of the "white liberal": "I know we are at fault; I'll help you, I'll give you anything, just tell me what you want." Negroes are embarrassed. For what they—particularly young Negroes—feel they want, but cannot consciously articulate—though they certainly act it out—might be paraphrased: "We don't want to be given a damn thing by you. Stand up like a man, so we can fight you; we want to beat you up, to express our anger, not to bargain it away for any concessions. Whatever you offer we will ask for more—until you are ready to fight. For the benefits you offer cannot possibly match our fantasies, or make us feel powerful." Such a psychological condition requires specific remedies; indulgence is not among them. (Incidentally, the white liberal attitude is most apparent to Negroes in Jews—and it is a major cause of their antisemitism.)

One thing is certain: if the desire to fight whites, which many young Negroes feel, can be gratified without penalty, if it is rewarded and admired, and victory seems possible, it is not going to weaken. It is not impossible to divert such a desire into harmless, even into productive, channels, provided not only that these channels be made available, but, more important, provided that it be made entirely and credibly clear that the harmful channels are heavily penalized.

Although the demoralization, hysteria, and dissociation from reality of many Negroes is a reaction to external historical events, this reaction, and the attending evils, will not vanish if the external causes are simply removed: the phenomenon is now internal and largely independent of external changes. Meanwhile the demoralized must be prevented from inflicting harm on others, or infecting them.

Considering remedies and preventives, it is essential to distinguish

[1] *Towards An Understanding of Juvenile Delinquency*, Columbia University Press, 1954.

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between what is immediately possible and necessary, and what might be useful in the long run. The Commission's remedies are not distinguished by originality, or imagination; nor are they accompanied by evidence of effectiveness, or estimates of feasibility. While some are known to be ineffective, others may be moderately helpful; but practically all are long-run remedies, and in the long run we are all going to be dead unless we provide for the short run first.

Riot Prevention Is Simple

The riots took those in charge of public order by surprise. Attempts to control them therefore were delayed, haphazard, inept, feeble and more harmful to the innocent than to the guilty. Legislation, organization, and, training of police departments easily can prevent riots. It is a silly canard that punishment "does not go to the causes of the crime." As the present Attorney General phrases this delusion, "in the long run only the elimination of the [social] causes of crime can make a significant and lasting difference in the incidence of crime."

Mr. Ramsey Clark's view suggests a fireman who declines fire-extinguishing apparatus by pointing out that "in the long run only the elimination of the causes of fire can make a significant and lasting difference in the incidence of fire," and that fire-fighting equipment does not eliminate "the causes"—except that such a fireman would probably not rise to fire chief. Actually, whether fires are checked depends on fire-fighting apparatus, and on the efforts of the firemen using it, no less than on the presence of "the causes": inflammable materials. So with riots. Laws, courts and police actions are no less important in restraining them, than "the causes" are in impelling them. If firemen (or attorneys general) pass the buck, and refuse to use the means available, we may all be burned while waiting for "the long run" and "the elimination of the causes."

Whether any activity—be it lawful or unlawful—takes place depends on whether the desire for it, or for whatever is to be secured by it, is stronger than the desire to avoid the costs involved. Accordingly people work, attend college, riot, go to the movies—or refrain from any of these activities. Attendance at a theater may be high because the show is entertaining and because the price of admission is low. Obviously the attendance depends on both—on the combination of expected gratification and cost. The wish, motive or impulse for doing anything—the experienced or expected gratification—is the cause of doing it; the wish to avoid the cost is the cause of not doing it. One is no more and no less "cause" than the other. Common speech supports this use of "cause" no less than logic. "Why did you go to Jamaica?" "Because it is such a beautiful place." "Why didn't you go to Jamaica?" "Because it is too expensive."—Why do you read NATIONAL REVIEW?" "Because it is so lively and instructive." "Why don't you read NATIONAL REVIEW?" "Because it is too exasperating." In this sense, penalties (costs) are causes of lawfulness, or (if too low or uncertain) of unlawfulnes, of crime, including riots or looting.

People commit crimes or riot because, given their condition, the desire for the satisfaction felt, or sought, prevails over the desire to avoid the risk of penalties. They refrain if the desire to avoid the cost prevails. Riots will increase if the penalties are reduced, or the desire is raised. Riots can be decreased by raising the cost, or by reducing the desire. The cost of riots to the rioters is more easily and swiftly changed than the conditions producing the inclination to riot. Costs are within the power of the government to change immediately, whereas the conditions producing the propensity to riot will necessarily take a long time to change; some may be altogether beyond the control of the government. The Commission's one-sided emphasis on these conditions, and its undue neglect of costs, will contribute to more riots.

What matters in riots is the immediate and stern enforcement of the law; those who initially engage in unlawful action must be used to deter others, by immediate apprehension, and if they refuse to surrender, immobilization by the most effective and least injurious means. To spare lives, it is very important that the police be armed with immobilizing non-lethal weapons, which permit the immediate apprehension of looters, stone-throwers, and snipers. Riots spread like fire and it is important to extinguish the first sparks even at a relatively high cost. Certainly there should be laws making looting, and incitement to looting, a specific crime and to punish severely anyone who knowingly disposes of looted goods. (I have not noticed among the Commission's proposals any referring to punishments meted out by the states for civil disorders.) The Commission's major idea for the police is to oppose "the indiscriminate and excessive use of force" (whoever favors anything "excessive"?) and to condemn "moves to equip police departments with automatic rifles, machine guns and tanks." Now, a police department should be able to do without these. However it is obviously reasonable to have such weapons in reserve. (Some sort of armored car—whether or not it is called a tank—would have been extremely useful in last year's riots.) Meanwhile it is important to have enough police, to organize them well, and to equip them with means to control crowds without lasting injury, so that riots will not get into the shooting stage.

In the Medium Run

Medium-run measures, which (mostly) will have effects only some years from now, include employment, housing, and—largely a long-run matter—acquisition of skills, and of motivation to acquire them and to seek employment.

Negro unemployment is twice as high as white unemployment and that of Negro adolescents is several times as high as that of white adolescents. This has little to do with present, though it has much to do with past, discrimination, which resulted in Negroes often being capable only of unreliable or unskilled work. It is not true, however, that unskilled work is not available. On the contrary, while unskilled workers and particular adolescents are unemployed, there are unfilled jobs these workers could fill. They cannot be hired, or they refuse to take these jobs, because what employers could pay for their services either is less than what minimum wage laws prescribe, or seems inadequate to maintain a worker properly by current standards. However, prescribing a minimum wage does not improve matters. It just causes the employer not to hire workers to whom he would have to pay more than they are worth to him.

Two measures are required:

1) Minimum wage laws which are at best useless, and often harmful to those supposed to be helped by them, should be eliminated.

2) Welfare payments should supple-

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ment inadequate incomes from work, and, above all, should not be reduced, so as to eliminate incentives to earn, once income from work becomes available. The Commission, as have others, makes timid suggestions in this direction but does not go far enough. Too little thought is given to incentives to make "unemployables" employable, and to cause employables to work; too much thought is based on the assumption that they cannot possibly contribute anything to their own welfare. They would, if they were helped to do so. Instead they are helped not to do so, and sometimes helped only on condition that they won't try.

Although noting the high percentage of fatherless families among Negroes and stressing that nearly half of all welfare recipients are dependent children, or those who take care of them, the Commission says nothing about the high fertility rates of the poor. Yet, if "the pill" were made available without prescription—there is no reason whatever not to do so—the fertility rates of the poor would approach those of the rich. I don't think this would foster illicit intercourse; but I'm sure it would reduce illicit conception.

The Commission indicts ghettoes (segregated housing) and slums (bad housing) as causes of riots. This confuses location and cause; it is as though hospitals were indicted as causes of illness. The original Jewish, and the present-day Chinese, ghettoes have not caused riots. There must be a specific element other than segregation, to produce riots in Negro ghettoes. Slums, bad housing, scarcely cause riots either. Surely housing has been worse, and remains so, in many parts of the world.

Nonetheless much could and should be done to improve housing. Yet the Commission proposes nothing that can be taken seriously. Its support for urban renewal (not unjustly nicknamed "Negro removal") is absurd: it is well known that this curious enterprise has destroyed far more dwellings—especially of the poor—than it has replaced.

Although admitting that the cost of building has made it impossible for the poor to find decent dwelling space, the Commission avoids asking why this nation, as it gets richer, seems less able to provide housing. However, the answer is obvious: unions have raised the cost of building so high that people cannot afford the necessary rent. Unions have done so largely by excluding the poor—specifically Negroes—from membership. Our laws, and their selective enforcement, foster and tolerate this monopolistic gouging. The political cost of better housing for the poor appears too high to the government. It would cost the taxpayer nothing. The immense expenses proposed by the Commission, on the other hand, would not begin to solve the problem.

On education the report of the Commission is highly misleading. The low school performance of Negro pupils is largely ascribed to bad textbooks, laboratories, libraries, and to segregation, even though the Coleman Report (which the Commission quotes misleadingly) states explicitly: "The data suggest that variations in school quality are not highly related to variations in achievement of pupils . . . ; the school appears unable to exert independent influence to make achievement levels less dependent on the child's background—and this is true within each ethnic group just as it is between groups" (p.297). Elsewhere (*The Public Interest*, Fall 1967) James Coleman states: "Even in socially or racially integrated schools a child's family background shows a very high relation to his performance. The findings of the report are quite unambiguous on this score. Even if the school is integrated the heterogeneity of backgrounds with which children enter school is generally preserved in the heterogeneity of their performance when they finish."

Since Coleman wrote, it has become clearer that the deprivation in the background of Negro children is not the main cause of their low scholastic performance. Thus, Morris Gross tested "two Jewish middle class groups" and found that "marked differences in school work were apparent which resemble those uncovered in Negro-white studies . . . the differences between these two Jewish middle class groups parallel those found in different races and classes."[2] The two groups were equally prosperous. Hence deprivation, or, for that matter, race, cannot be mainly responsible. An elusive factor—the cultural home ideal—must bear major responsibility. Yet the Commission tirelessly repeats the old (and false) clichés about segregation and deprivation. . . . Another study, by Susan S. Stodolsky and Gerald Lesser, might be mentioned. The authors found: 1) "ethnicity has primary effects upon the organization of mental abilities. . ." 2) "social class variations within the ethnic group do not alter this."[3]

There are more things involved in differential educational achievement than the Commission has dreamt of.

Can anything be done about the whole mess? A great deal, I think. Some things can be done easily with immediate results. Others will take time and are difficult; still others require more research. I have had space only to suggest a few problems and solutions. However, one thing is clear; if we are to make progress we must look at the actual problems and forget about the pathetic handwringing, the pompous threats and reassurances, and the silly clichés the President's Commission has produced.

[2] "Learning Readiness in Two Jewish Groups," Center for Urban Education, New York 1967.
[3] "Learning Patterns in the Disadvantaged," *Harvard Educational Review*, Fall 1967.

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COVER STORY

A long look at the Navy's Arnheiter Case, the sad story of a fighting man who dared to sail in dangerous waters

'HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN ANOTHER HALSEY'

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

Marcus Aurelius Arnheiter, lieutenant commander, USN, assumed command of U.S.S. *Vance* at Pearl Harbor on 22 December, 1965. His ship was an aging destroyer, commissioned at Houston in 1943, mothballed after World War II, then recommissioned in 1956 for radar picket patrol in the Aleutians; she was named for a young American lieutenant who died at his battle station aboard the Australian *Canberra,* sunk at Coral Sea. Now, just before Christmas, 1965, she had returned from one patrol off Vietnam and was about to go out on another. Her new skipper was forty. This was his first command.

It was also Arnheiter's last command. On 31 March, 1966, when *Vance* was at Subic Bay to take on stores, Arnheiter was summarily relieved. He was restricted overnight to his cabin, under guard. Then he was beached. He had served in command for precisely 99 days.

All this was two years ago. Those 99 days, and the ordeal that followed thereafter, make up "The Arnheiter Case." The affair has provoked blazing controversy within the Navy; it has divided admirals against admirals; it has destroyed not only Arnheiter's career but also the career of Captain Richard G. Alexander, a brilliant officer, destined for flag rank, who had been assigned to the battleship *New Jersey.* In certain of its aspects, the Arnheiter case offers an absorbing parallel to Herman Wouk's *The Caine Mutiny.* It has overtones of Kafka's *The Trial.* Boiled down, it is the story of one man, utterly devoted to the Navy, who was stripped of command as a consequence of his own hard-driving temperament and the covert actions of other men.

For Marc Arnheiter and Richard Alexander, the story has ended. No conceivable action, whether by congressional investigation or by a belated Court of Inquiry, could restore their broken careers. Yet the story bears telling if only as a reminder of the importance that ought to be attached to the fate of the occasional one man, non-conforming, whose sin is to try too hard. And there is always the thought that one day another such case will come along; if the Navy profits from its blunders in the Arnheiter case, next time the Navy may do better. Perhaps the next Arnheiter will profit, too.

Dreams of Glory

The file on Marc Arnheiter now amounts to hundreds of pages of findings, petitions, reviews and correspondence. From these, the character of the man emerges with poignant clarity. Born in New Jersey in 1925, he learned to sail and shoot as a boy at his family's summer home in Maine. He was military all the way. His one ambition was to find a career in arms. As a plebe at the Naval Academy in 1948, young Arnheiter found his greatest inspiration in Elbert Hubbard's *A Message to Garcia.* It became his favorite work; for the next fifteen years, he would draw incessantly, almost obsessively, upon the example of the young lieutenant who let no obstacle deter him from the path of duty. Arnheiter had other heroes, too —Nelson, Farragut, John Paul Jones, Douglas MacArthur. He used to lie on his bunk at Annapolis, dreaming a boy's dreams of danger, combat, glory. He was impatient with classmates who failed to measure up to the purity of his own ideal.

Perhaps he dreamed too much. Arnheiter was graduated from the Academy in 1952 in the top third of his class, but with no remarkable honors. As an earnest young ensign, handsome, serious, he went off to duty aboard the battleship *Iowa,* engaged in shore bombardment in the Korean War. Tours of duty followed in the North Atlantic and the Mediterranean. He served as gunnery officer on the destroyers *Fiske* and *Coolbaugh,* then as operations officer on the destroyer *Abbot.* In 1960 he came to Washington for three years of shore duty in the office of the Chief of Naval Operations. Then back to sea on the guided missile frigate *Worden,* and from there to the destroyer *Ingersoll.* And so, three days before Christmas of 1965, to *Vance.*

These years of preparation had their ups and downs. Arnheiter has an essentially Prussian sense of discipline. Even as an ensign, he established a reputation as a spit-and-polish officer who demanded smartness of his men. There were times, it is said, when he seemed to be obsessed with the angle of a sailor's cap. He demanded perfection, which made it all the more embarrassing when he delivered something less than that himself. He once lost his way in the Charleston harbor, took a wrong channel, and came within a mile of running a destroyer into Sumter. He took a royal ribbing for it.

An Arnheiter legend began to develop. He fell into serious personality conflict with a senior commander at the time he was serving on *Fiske,* and wound up with such an unsatisfactory fitness report that he was passed over for promotion to lieutenant. During his period of Pentagon duty, he exasperated some of the carrier admirals with his strong opinions on their shortcomings in anti-submarine warfare. He got in trouble with articles he wrote for defense publications. He

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even put his hand to a novel, published by Doubleday under the nom de plume of Alexander Zhdanov, in which he made his criticisms sharper.

If he accumulated some liabilities in these years, he built up some assets too. He took a master's degree in personnel administration from George Washington University. While in the South China Sea, he wrote a tenth edition of the *Watch Officer's Guide*, an authoritative manual published under the prestigious auspices of the U.S. Naval Institute. He made staunch friends among senior officers who shared his view on the role of surface combat ships. He won promotion to lieutenant, then to lieutenant-commander. And as executive officer of *Ingersoll*, he achieved a superlative record.

The New Broom

Arnheiter's eighteen months on *Ingersoll* merit special mention, for it was here, in the period immediately preceding his abortive command of *Vance*, that he conceived certain programs that were to bring his downfall later. He saw the ship's sailors as a sloppy lot and viewed his junior officers as something less than fledgling Farraguts. As the ship's exec, he set out to shape them up, by relentless inspections, patriotic exhortations, demanding drills. He formed a rifle team. He cracked down hard on infractions in dress and demeanor. After a period of resentment, the officers and crew came around; they came to understand and to respect Arnheiter's passionate pride in the naval service. Their glowing testimonials to Arnheiter, volunteered many months later, are among the most persuasive exhibits in the Arnheiter file. Demonstrably, he could lead men, and inspire them to better service. It was his top-flight performance on *Ingersoll* that won him command of *Vance*.

You can hear two accounts, diametrically opposed, of the ship that he inherited that Christmas at Pearl Harbor. On the record, there is evidence that *Vance* was in good condition; she had won an "E" for excellence in engineering; her crew had led the squadron in September gunnery trials; she had been nominated by the commander of Destroyer Squadron Five for unit commendation by the Secretary of the Navy.

A wholly different impression emerges from other sources. Second Class Petty Officer B. D. Mathews, for example, says that the ship "was infested with roaches, and the crew wore sloppy, torn and dirty uniforms." Signalman First Class Wilbert Boson concurs: "The ship was full of cockroaches before Lt. Cdr. Arnheiter took over. During the nine months before he assumed command, the ship was not the kind of ship you normally think of when you think of destroyers. In other words, it was lax." A former photographer's mate says that in the pre-Arnheiter period, "there was no discipline on board. Seamen would tell their superior officers to get lost if they didn't like an order. They used foul language to do it, too." Other enlisted men have testified to brutal fights below decks.

Arnheiter's own recollection is vivid: "The ship was literally crawling. Cockroaches were everywhere, in the food, in the bunks, in the wardroom. The ship was coffee-stained and generally filthy. Berthing, messing and working spaces were untidy. Damage control procedures were deficient. I was told the crew had been put through general quarters battle readiness drills only six to eight times in the preceding nine months. Hooliganism was rampant among the men. Petty officers could not maintain authority. The junior officers were lax and easy-going. There was an air of boredom and indifference."

Two days after assuming command, Arnheiter talked with Rear Admiral Henry S. Persons, commandant of the Pearl Harbor Naval District. Persons warned him of the crew's poor reputation. The warning was so much fuel for Arnheiter's boilers. At the first opportunity, he summoned his startled sailors to the fantail and let them know a new day had arrived. In her most recent cruise, *Vance* had stayed well out to sea; he proposed to take her where the action was. He promised danger, fun, excitement. Chief petty officers would have his support, but he would expect top performance from them. Inspections would be frequent and tough. The Plan of the Day would be strictly adhered to. Military courtesy and custom would be observed throughout the ship. He wanted a taut ship, and he wanted it fast.

On 28 December, the *Vance* left Pearl Harbor, bound first for Guam and then for Vietnam.

Several incidents occurred in these few days that were to bulk large later on. On Christmas Eve, *Vance* was quietly moored to her pier. Stuck aboard on duty was Lieutenant William Thomas Generous, whose pregnant wife was with him. Arnheiter was struck by the thought that he and his wife Janice ought to go aboard to commiserate with them. She brought along a milk bottle filled with eggnog. The four of them each had a cup.

A day or so after Christmas, Marc and Janice Arnheiter were on the beach at Waikiki. Ensign Luis Anthony Belmonte, *Vance*'s gunnery officer, was with them. The Arnheiters clambered aboard one of the outrigger canoes that ply the surf. Arnheiter had a camera with him. He asked Belmonte to take their picture. Belmonte, kicking off his loafers, waded into ankle-deep water, took the camera, and made the picture.

Prior to the change of command ceremony on 22 December, in accordance with Navy custom, announcements were mailed to prospective guests. Lieutenant (j.g.) K. D. Hamaker, as postal officer, asked Arnheiter to pay the $11.50 postage on them. In some irritation, Arnheiter said he never had heard of a new C. O. paying such a bill; he told Hamaker to find an alternative way. The matter languished.

At one of his first wardroom luncheons before leaving Pearl Harbor, Arnheiter proposed that the ship's welfare and recreation fund be tapped for $950 to buy a speedboat equipped for water skiing. Ten of the thirteen officers were present. No one objected. The boat was purchased and put aboard.

Moving Too Fast?

Meanwhile, Arnheiter threw his furious energies into getting *Vance* cleaned up and cockroach-free. His principal agent in this work was his executive officer, Lieutenant Ray Stirling Hardy. He had long talks with Hardy, in which he sought to inspire him to new concepts of executive authority. Hardy was to jack up the junior officers, keep them smart, see that inspections took on new meaning. Hardy was to make certain the junior officers were properly dressed and shaven. Naval regulations require officers to have dress swords; would he see that the regulation was enforced. The ship's new motto would be "Seek Out, Engage, Destroy." And spread the word that the captain meant it.

Hardy reacted with some unease to these new-broom instructions. When *Vance* had been cruising under her former C.O., Lt. Cdr. Ross Wallace Wright, no such discipline had been enforced. (There was a coffee cup aboard, in fact, decorated on the bottom with a photograph of Wright, bearing the caption of "McHale.") The record indicates that Hardy thought there would be trouble and resentment in the wardroom, and the presumption is strong that he warned Arnheiter against trying to accomplish too much too fast. Arnheiter respond-

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ed to these negative attitudes by telling Hardy the story of Lieutenant Rowan and the Message to Garcia.

Several events would figure in the case. Using his initiative at Pearl Harbor, Arnheiter had acquired fifteen extra Garand rifles for the *Vance*. With the enthusiastic cooperation of his weapons officer, he set up a special fire team. At Guam he scrounged some empty oil drums for targets. Later it would be alleged that he had violated procurement regulations; and several of the junior officers would complain that the target practice "made too much noise."

Arnheiter saw possibilities in the little speedboat. He had it mounted with a .30-calibre machine gun and painted the boat's prow with red eyes and shark's teeth. The charge would be that he should not have used a recreation boat for prosecuting the war.

Arnheiter yearned for a proper wardroom, composed of officers who were not only officers but gentlemen also. He wanted spotless uniforms, good manners, fine food. His efforts to achieve these amenities led Belmonte to remark, in disgust, that it was like living on an eighteenth-century ship of the line. There was probably much truth in this, for Arnheiter is filled with the tradition from which Horatio Hornblower was contrived. Alas, he looked about his wardroom on *Vance* and saw Belmonte unshaven, and young Michael McWhirter rumpled, and someone else with ketchup on his shirt. Some of the juniors crammed whole slices of bread in their mouths. It was more than Arnheiter's disciplined nature could endure.

As one corrective measure, he decreed a formal Navy Mess Night. "It was my intention," he has said, "to get the wardroom officers to realize that under my command, they were no longer in 'McHale's Navy,' but were beginning a tour where the best in naval tradition would be observed." The party was set up for the night of 12 January at the Officers' Club in Guam. There was some grumbling that the affair would add to the officers' mess bill, but this could be adjusted against an unusually low bill for December. In the end, the dinner came off superbly.

Too superbly. Early in the evening, Arnheiter inquired of the club manager if any silver candelabra and demi-tasses might be available for purchase; he wanted to buy them for the wardroom. The manager regretted that he had none to spare. About midnight, after many toasts had been drunk, a couple of the junior officers were seized with the happy thought of making off with some of the club's candelabra. Amidst great hilarity, they staggered into the night. The following morning, an embarrassed Arnheiter brought the candelabra back. The headwaiter cheerfully told him to think nothing of it, but the incident would not be forgotten.

The Mess Night had another unfortunate aspect. When *Vance* arrived at Guam on 6 January, it became apparent that drastic repairs would have to be made to her starboard engine. The ship accordingly was put in "cold iron" condition. A six-by-twenty foot hole was cut in her side for removal of the ailing shaft. Generators were shut down. Under these circumstances, Arnheiter saw nothing wrong in leaving only a single officer in charge on the night of the party. The officer was trained in damage control; one-third of the crew was aboard. It seemed a reasonable arrangement; but it would become a "dereliction."

As the Twig is Bent

In these first few days of command, Arnheiter's primary concern was to inspire the crew with some of his own zeal for the naval service. Half of his sailors were youngsters, "fresh-caught and impressionable lads away from home who were on their way to a combat zone." Arnheiter's thought was to indoctrinate them not only with "a sense of patriotic purpose," but also with "an awareness of that part of our national heritage which has caused Congress to mint coins with the inscription, 'In God We Trust.'"

Toward this end, he instituted a series of "all hands" assemblies on the fantail. The first was on Sunday, 2 January; the second two weeks later, on the 16th; the third on Sunday the 23rd. Subsequent programs were held on Mondays through February and March. They followed the same pattern throughout—opening and closing prayers from the Naval Institute's manual; the singing of "America the Beautiful," "God Of Our Fathers," "My Country 'Tis of Thee," the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," the Navy Hymn, and the National Anthem; a fifteen-minute talk on God and country, or patriots of the past, or the customs of Vietnam. The topics varied. Arnheiter insists the themes were "rigidly nonsectarian." Senior Navy chaplains who have reviewed the programs have found nothing objectionable in them.

But Lieutenant Generous did. He is a key figure in the Arnheiter case. In the limited parallel that is drawn with *The Caine Mutiny*, he would be cast in the role of the literate Lieutenant Keefer. He is tall, thin-faced, bespectacled. In 1964, prior to his tour on *Vance*, he had suffered an emotional breakdown brought on by his first destroyer service. He emerges from the record as a dominant personality, argumentative, sophisticated. Arnheiter has described him as "personally sociable, chronically dissenting, voluble, and extremely articulate." The two clashed at once. Before *Vance* left Pearl Harbor, Arnheiter recalls, Generous wanted "to see how far he could oppose me and get away with it."

Generous had made no secret of his strong objection to the "all hands" evolutions. Early on the morning of the 16th, prior to the second program, he composed a stiff message for Arnheiter:

SUBJECT: Meetings on Sunday, compulsory attendance at.

REF: (a) Constitution of the United States, Article I in amendment thereof.

1. Your attention is respectfully directed to reference (a), which as interpreted by several recent significant court opinions, prohibits enforced attendance at religious services, however euphemistically disguised they may be.

2. Please accept this letter as a statement of my desire and intent to preserve this constitutional right.

W. T. GENEROUS JR.

At the bottom of this message, Generous had thoughtfully typed a few lines for Arnheiter's signature: "Returned, receipt acknowledged. You are hereby ordered to present yourself on the fantail this morning at 1025 to hear an address by the executive officer, in accordance with the Plan of the Day."

The message never reached Arnheiter. Pursuant to channels, Generous gave it first to Hardy, as executive officer, for forwarding. The unhappy Hardy held it up. He gave Generous confidential advice instead. A week later, after the program of 23 January, Generous went below. Unknown to Arnheiter, he was writing a letter to a friend—a Catholic chaplain at Pearl Harbor, Lieutenant Richard L. Osterman:

Dear Father Osterman:

Alas, we're back in Market Time. I wish I could spend some time in passing generalities . . ., but my rage forces me to use my limited time particularly.

The enclosed mimeos should speak for themselves. Three times now the crew has been ordered aft . . . for these euphemistic church calls. The

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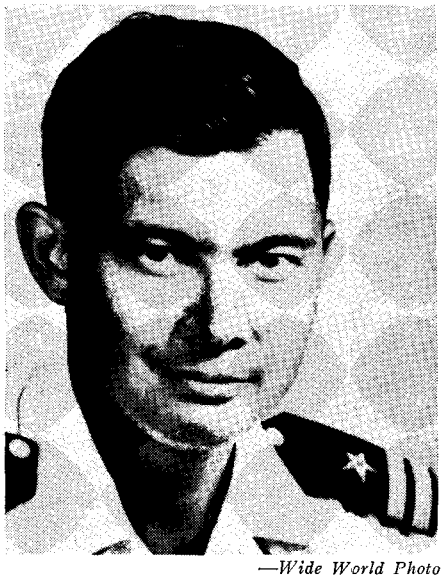
first one I missed by virtue of having the Deck, and the second, thanks to the good taste of the Executive Officer, was innocuous. But today's gem was no more nor less than a Protestant service. LTJG Ward's address was secular . . . but the rest was flat religion, led and directed by the commanding officer.

I have complained previously, both to the CO orally, and in a letter to the CO which was held up by the XO, who advised me "not to jeopardize myself, but to seek outside help anonymously." I do have the courage of my convictions, and I would refuse the order to lay aft on the basis of its unconstitutionality were it not for my responsibility to my wife and child-to-be.

The Nurnberg trials settled for all time the loyalty a military man must show his superior. I cannot be openly disloyal to him, but I cannot accept illegality and infringement of my constitutional rights. I ask relief from this burden, but I do so anonymously, once again for the sake of my family. Is there something that you could do?

Very respectfully

TOM.



—*Wide World Photo*

Lt. Cdr. Marcus Aurelius Arnheiter—Was he the only one who got the message from Garcia?

The events of 16 and 23 January, seen in restrospect, served to trigger the Arnheiter case. By failing to forward Generous's formal protest of the 16th, Lieutenant Hardy made alliance with him; he put himself from that moment in the untenable position of an exec who acts behind his captain's back. By seeking help "anonymously," through Father Osterman, Generous set in motion the forces that two months later would bring Arnheiter's ruin. It was at this same time that Ensign Belmonte contributed his bit to the anti-Arnheiter conspiracy by starting "Marcus's Mad Log" as a record of the skipper's bizarre behavior. The ship was now in a war zone. On 20 January, *Vance* had relieved the destroyer *Finch* on station in Market Time Area No. 3. Arnheiter had been in command for barely one month.

Arnheiter arrived off Vietnam just at the time of the Tet truce. He saw it as an opportunity for a close look at the shoreline. He wanted to see "where the enemy positions were, where the bunkers were, where the coastal contraband runners were believed to be based." On Saturday the 22nd, accompanied by a U.S. adviser on junk operations, he took the *Vance* within 1,500 yards of the beach and a thousand yards of shoal waters. The weather was excellent, the sea calm; and though no hostile action was expected, Arnheiter ordered the guns manned. Nothing happened, except that Lieutenant Generous, who earlier had scoffed at the ship's new motto as "too flowery," now complained that Arnheiter was getting "too involved in the war." In time, the incident would reappear as an allegation that Arnheiter had needlessly exposed his ship to danger.

For the next several weeks, Arnheiter was in his own seventh heaven, and those who loved action were in that heaven with him. The *Vance* prowled her sector searching for contraband and Vietcong. He put the ship's whaleboat into operation. He sent the smaller speedboat into shallows where the whaleboat couldn't go. He worked on suspicious Vietnamese with a psychological questionnaire. On the 27th, he engaged in an exceptionally bold foray. The incident brought the *Vance* a message from Rear Admiral N. C. Ward, operational commander:

> YOUR ALERT AND AGGRESSIVE ACTION IN DETECTING AND INVESTIGATING SUSPECTED INFILTRATION ATTEMPT 27 JAN IS A REFRESHING EXAMPLE OF INDIVIDUAL INITIATIVE. WELL DONE.

On 28 January, while patrolling the northern sector, Arnheiter saw a chance to assist the destroyer *Mason* in a direct fire mission. He sent a message, begging for a target assignment. His opportunity came the next day, in support of the First Cavalry, when guns of the *Vance* landed seventeen "highly accurate" rounds from 1,200 yards. On the 30th, while chasing junks south of Qui Nhon in the company of the destroyer *Bache*, Arnheiter and others on the bridge observed hostile fire directed at *Vance* from a hillside. He returned fire from a thousand-yard range. A third firing occasion arose on 1 February, off Kim Bong, when an airborne spotter asked *Vance* for direct fire support of the cavalry. She provided it with gusto.

Most of the patrol was devoted to stopping and searching sampans. The activity went on round the clock. Arnheiter is a crack marksman. He kept a loaded rifle secured on the bridge. When a junk failed to stop on command, he often fired a shot over its bow. Sometimes Arnheiter would have two junks tied up fore and two aft, while the small boats were working still others. A sailor has recalled that the *Vance* checked more junks on a single day under Arnheiter than it had checked in the entire preceding cruise. "Something was always going on. The captain was a man who believed in getting things done."

—*Wide World Photo*

Capt. Richard G. Alexander—From New Jersey to Boston, with a brief stop at the Pentagon

On the night of 4 February, the *Vance* went in hot pursuit of three enemy junks that scuttled for shore. Ensign McWhirter, a first-class fighting man, roared after them. Unhappily, a South Vietnamese liaison officer, assigned to an accompanying armed junk, panicked and refused to join the risky operation. Arnheiter pleaded with him to do his duty. A watching signalman later would testify that "everyone on the bridge realized that the liaison officer was yellow." Arnheiter's importunities failed; the Vietnamese officer fled ashore to complain of this demanding American captain. Arnheiter furiously messaged his squadron commander, reporting the officer's cowardice. Two months later, the incident would be used as evidence of Arnheiter's failure to manifest "the finest sense of discretion and tact in

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contact with the Vietnamese." All that happened at the time was that the operations officer from the Task Force came aboard at Qui Nhon, grinned at the speedboat, and put a friendly elbow in Arnheiter's ribs. "You have too much adrenalin," he said.

They were busy days and nights. Once the *Vance* sought to interrogate a Russian ship; Arnheiter cheerfully kept his peace when the Soviets signaled "Go to hell." Again, the *Vance* stopped three junks filled with refugees, mostly ragged women and hungry children. Arnheiter has five children of his own. He gazed at the pitiful bellies and ordered his supply officer to break out some candy. Told that Navy regulations did not permit such disposal of government property, Arnheiter snapped instructions to "survey some candy," i.e., to declare it unfit, and tossed chocolate bars down to the children. This too would be used against him.

Busy Days

Several other incidents have a place in the record. On one blazing morning, Arnheiter sent a sailor to the ship's store to buy a pair of dark sunglasses for him. "Tell them I'll pay for them later," Arnheiter said. He paid up that same afternoon.

On a couple of occasions, Arnheiter towed the whaleboat and speedboat, fully manned, in order to have them more immediately available for action. On the night of 2 February, at the request of the South Vietnamese Junk Division 23, Arnheiter anchored *Vance* in the outer harbor of a shallow bay where a night attack by Vietcong was feared. Then he sent the whaleboat, bearing his special rifle team, on an armed reconnaissance. The sea was calm; the men were helmeted and life-jacketed; they had sub-machine guns and automatic rifles in addition to their carbines. About midnight, three heavily loaded junks attempted to slip past the ship. Arnheiter radioed the whaleboat that he intended to give chase. "The word from the boat was that they were fine. The Junk Base adviser said all was quiet." Arnheiter up-anchored, went in pursuit, captured the junks, put them in tow, and returned to pick up the whaleboat two hours later.

During this same period of intensive patrol, the Coastal Surveillance Center (CSC) at Qui Nhon kept demanding position reports every two hours from *Vance* and other U.S. ships in the area. Such reports were no part of Arnheiter's orders. His orders were to report his position to Commander Task Force 115. The CSC was insistent. Arnheiter was exasperated. "I did just what *Finch* had done," he has said, "I directed that localized rather than pinpoint reports be sent to the CSC on the two occasions when the ship was involved in heavy operations. This kept me from becoming unduly immersed in arbitrary, time-consuming and unnecessary position reports, improperly imposed on the ship as an additional and burdensome requirement not specified by my operational commander, or by any commander in the Seventh Fleet."

There were dull days when *Vance* did little but provide underway replenishment for smaller craft. On an exceptionally dull day late in March, when the crew had been a month at sea, he cracked out the speedboat and authorized off-duty sailors to go water-skiing about the ship as it replenished a Coast Guard cutter. Mostly the days were spent in patrolling the coast. On 20 February, the *Vance* put in to Bangkok for four days of liberty. Then she relieved *Conquest* off An Thoi and worked a new sector. The Vietnamese provided a less sensitive liaison officer; Arnheiter got along fine with him.

Midway in the cruise, on an active morning, Arnheiter was stopped by his engineering officer, Lieutenant Edward G. Fuehrer, on his way to the bridge. Fuehrer was waving a message. "Captain," he said, "they're after our connecting rods." It was an order to supply an inventory of spare Diesel parts. "Tell them what we can spare," Arnheiter said; and initialed the message.

Meanwhile, things were going little better in the wardroom. As part of his campaign to build esprit among the officers, Arnheiter instituted a plan of brief, impromptu after-dinner talks on topics that were written out on slips of paper beneath an officer's plate. Lieutenant Generous made one such talk, seizing a chance to contrast the colorful Halsey with the prudent Spruance: his point was that Halseys have small place in modern naval warfare. The point was wholly lost on Arnheiter, who holds Halsey in a special niche.

Arnheiter also instituted a "boners box." Officers who came sloppily dressed to mess, or left a knife in the peanut butter jar, were fined for each offense. Even Lieutenant Generous agrees that the system was instituted "in a very light-hearted frame of mind." Proceeds of the box went to buy cigars for the wardroom mess. At first, Belmonte and McWhirter paid most of the fines. Then they responded to the teasing goad, and revenues fell off to nothing.

In the course of the 99 days, Arnheiter came to admire the two ensigns. One of his last acts, late in March, was to recommend Bronze Stars for both of them—to McWhirter "because he bravely attempted to carry out my orders at the time of the hot pursuit incident," and to Belmonte for "extraordinary personal bravery and audacity" on other occasions.

He could do nothing with Generous. In mid-January, against his own better judgment, he had accepted Hardy's recommendation that Generous be promoted to lieutenant, because the operations billet provided for an officer of that rank. The two remained at loggerheads. Toward the end of February, an incident arose that made matters worse. After the ship left Bangkok, Arnheiter decided to call on Generous for a daily operations plan, to be sent to the C.O. by 5 o'clock on the afternoon before. One afternoon Arnheiter waited, and waited, but no plan appeared. At 9 o'clock, he summoned Hardy to ask the reason why. Hardy was miserable. Generous didn't intend to work up the plan. And why not? "Captain, Sir," said the sad exec, "he just doesn't *like* you." Arnheiter's explosive answer was to summon Generous for a lecture that must have scorched the woodwork. One more offense, he said, and he would seek Generous' immediate transfer.

The 'Dando Report'

The 28th of February, which was the day of the blessing-out, also marked the arrival aboard *Vance* of a circuit-riding Navy chaplain, Lieutenant George W. Dando. After all these months, he remains a curiously obscure and faceless figure. He had been in the Navy for only five months. Apparently he spent much of his time aboard *Vance* in listening to complaints from Generous, Belmonte, and others, though he communicated none of this to the captain. Dando did not complain of Arnheiter's Monday guidance services, but he refused to agree to the singing of the Navy Hymn at one of them. Dando remained aboard until 12 March, when he departed with a farewell word to Arnheiter that morale was "extremely low." Ten days later he filed a six-page report with his superiors of what had been told him.

Arnheiter was not to see this "Dando Report" for another five months. It was carefully excluded from the record of his subsequent hearing, yet it floated about in a Navy limbo of "attachments" and

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"references." If there was a single key document in Arnheiter's destruction, it was this chaplain's report. When Arnheiter at last caught up with a text, it is not to be wondered that Arnheiter exploded. This was Dando's report—backed by his prestige as a Man of God—on Arnheiter's efforts to improve his officers:

> One way was to fine each officer $25 each time he failed to live up to his standard. No one seems to know what he did with the money, except that the executive officer has it in a box.

The boner-box fine was not 25 dollars. It was 25 *cents*. Everyone knew

—United Press International Photo

Rear Adm. Walter H. "Bombo" Baumberger—He demolished the flimsy structure of evidence

that the proceeds—which amounted to less than $30 in the entire cruise—went to buy wardroom cigars. The Rev. Mr. Dando's margin of error, or of reckless falsehood, was precisely one hundred times. Was the lie ever put straight? Arnheiter never could know. Did Dando ever attempt to rectify the ruinous damage his report had achieved? Arnheiter cannot say.

Arnheiter was stunned by Dando's comment on low morale. He himself had believed that, at least among the crew, morale was improving steadily. He thought he had turned the corner from hostility to acceptance. Considerable evidence from enlisted men—obtained too late to figure in Arnheiter's dismissal from command—tends to confirm that view. There had been no cancellations of liberty in Guam, Bangkok, or Manila. There had been no courts martial and only two mast periods for minor punishments. The ship records reflected good results in rate-advancement. Arnheiter could not make it out. In any event, *Vance*'s cruise was coming to an end. On 23 March, she was relieved by the destroyer *Brister*. A Lieutenant (j.g.) Uldis Kortrons, from the staff of the escort squadron, came aboard to hitch a ride to Manila. On the 26th, *Vance* arrived at Subic Bay for two weeks of restocking and upkeep.

The sequence of events in the next few days remains obscure. Arnheiter charges that, unknown to him, Lieutenant Kortrons delivered to Commander D. F. Milligan at Subic a report of complaints written by Hardy in collaboration with Generous. Waive the point. Plainly, Milligan had received the earlier report of Lieutenant Dando, with its melange of truths, half-truths, distortions, and plain lies. This stew of allegations and hearsay statements found its way to Rear Admiral T. S. King Jr., whose flotilla was soon to relieve that of Rear Admiral D. G. Irvine. Various communications followed between King and Irvine and the Navy's Bureau of Personnel. To this day, it remains incomprehensible that officers of the experience of King and Irvine should have acted as they did without once communicating with Arnheiter. He was only fifteen minutes away. They never summoned him. He knew nothing of what was going on.

The thunderbolt fell on 31 March. Arnheiter, busy at his tasks aboard *Vance*, received message orders from the Chief of Naval Personnel, detaching him immediately from command. That same evening, Commander Milligan came aboard and summarily relieved him. On the following day, Arnheiter gathered his crew on the fantail to bid them farewell. Bewildered, he reported to the destroyer tender *Dixie*. Meanwhile, Milligan informed all hands that he was prepared to hear "any personnel who were desirous of shedding any light on the irregularities which were occurring on *Vance*."

That was on 2 April. On 4 April, Captain Ward W. Witter, who had been assigned by King to the case as a one-man investigating board, showed Arnheiter a stack of allegations but declined to say which of them he regarded as important. The "trial" of Marcus Arnheiter—*all the trial he ever has had*—commenced on the following day. It concluded on 11 April. The so-called Witter findings followed a few weeks later.

A word on naval procedures is in order. It may be true, as the Navy insists, that in "emergency" situations the letter of the Navy's law authorizes the summary procedures used in the Arnheiter case. (Seven months later, a reviewing officer would remark with cold incisiveness that no "emergency" of any sort existed; but waive the point.) It is manifest that the spirit of naval law was trampled underfoot. In cases such as this, senior officers are to assure themselves that a difficulty is not "reaonably susceptible to correction." No such assurance was sought in the Arnheiter case. Regulations require that factual allegations of misconduct must be adequately verified by formal

—United Press International Photo

Vice Adm. B. J. Semmes — He had already demolished Arnheiter, quite routinely

or informal investigation before action is taken. No such verification was obtained before Arnheiter was removed. Still another regulation requires that before drastic action is approved, "it is of *the utmost importance* that strong command guidance and counseling be given the officer concerned, and that there is no reasonable alternative to the action requested." No such guidance and counseling were given to Arnheiter. The regulation that was of "the utmost importance" was simply ignored.

These are among the inexplicable aspects of the Arnheiter case. The Navy says that the procedures invoked by Captain Witter "are closely comparable to but not as formal as those prescribed in the manual for a Court of Inquiry." This is a sophistry unworthy of the officers who have advanced it. The difference is night

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and day. It is the difference between a probable cause hearing before a U.S. commissioner and a full-fledged trial after grand jury indictment. No person possessed of even the most rudimentary acquaintance with the law will buy the Navy's statement that Arnheiter has had his "day in court." He has not.

Adversary Proceeding

Surely he never received his "day in court" before Captain Witter. The purported "fact-finding investigation" turned instantly into an adversary proceeding, in which Arnheiter was the sole defendant party. As such, he should have been entitled to a presumption of innocence, but no such presumption appears from the record. He was entitled to a reasonable period in which to prepare his defense; he was given 24 hours. He was entitled to counsel, and did in fact obtain counsel, but his counsel had served only four months in the Navy and never had served on shipboard. He was entitled to written, specific charges; no charges were ever drawn. He was entitled to the summoning of witnesses in his own behalf; but at least four witnesses were denied him. At a Court of Inquiry, Arnheiter might have developed the whole story—the condition of *Vance*, the conduct of the junior officers—but this was denied him also.

The 418 pages of transcript in the Witter hearing produced 41 "findings." It is from these, with various leaks, distortions, and innuendoes, that Arnheiter's asserted "derelictions" have been fashioned. Thus, in a version quoted by the Trenton *Times*, the Christmas eggnog has turned into a nightly pitcher of martinis. Arnheiter's request to Belmonte on the beach at Waikiki has become a direct order that caused the ensign "undue humiliation." The announcement postage bill, which Arnheiter paid in March, has become a tinkering with postal accounts. It is said that the rifles were obtained illegally. (They were not.) He violated regulations in acquiring the empty oil drums at Guam. (He did not.) You hear the rumor that Arnheiter "conspired in the theft of certain candelabra." He is accused of falsifying supply records as to $17.28 in candy. It is said that he violated the rule that credit shall not be extended by a ship's store. (This was the sunglasses bit.) He is accused of frivolously permitting members of the crew to water-ski in a war zone. And so on, and so on, and so on.

The outside observer is struck with the pattern of malice that runs like a dark thread through the record. Wherever an impression of misconduct could be conveyed, such an impression was conveyed. The business of the inventory of spare Diesel parts is entirely typical. Arnheiter did what one assumes every prudent ship commander would have done: he reported as surplus only those parts he reasonably felt could be spared. So, too, with the matter of leaving his ship "inadequately manned" at Guam. The book-requirement is that at least one-third of a ship's company be aboard at all times, in case an emergency requires the ship to put to sea. But the *Vance*, at the time in question, could not possibly have put to sea. The most widely repeated charge against Arnheiter is that he filed false position reports in order to take his ship on dangerous and vainglorious direct fire missions. This is simply untrue. Arnheiter's required posits were meticulously accurate; his ship engaged in three fire missions only, lasting a total of one hour and sixteen minutes. Yes, he worked *Vance* close to shore. Was this a crime?

"I was confident of my own ship-handling and navigational expertise," Arnheiter says, "and also the navigational proficiency of the executive officer. As for enemy shell fire or mortar fire? When all ships of the U. S. Navy hedge in operations because of possible danger from enemy action, then we may as well toss in the sponge and forget the inspiration of men like John Paul Jones and David Glasgow Farragut!"

Captain Witter's findings, and his adverse recommendation, were committed to writing in late April 1966. A copy went to the Pentagon. Another copy went to Rear Admiral (now Vice Admiral) Walter H. Baumberger, commander of cruisers and destroyers in the Pacific. Bombo, as he is known, went over the record with a sense of mounting incredulity. On August 30, he recommended that the whole regrettable business be wiped out, *and that Arnheiter be restored to a command.*

Judicial Proprieties Disdained

Manifestly, this was not the recommendation the Pentagon expected or wanted from Bombo. Unknown to the Admiral (and to Arnheiter), a final decision already had been reached, in the form of a finding that Arnheiter's dismissal was "for cause." On September 9, Vice Admiral B. J. Semmes, chief of naval personnel, signed a memorandum to that effect; this memorandum went directly into Arnheiter's selection board jacket, which went directly to the Line Selection Board for Commander which was then in session. Not surprisingly, Arnheiter was passed over for promotion.

In the light of Semmes' death-sentence action, what followed is baffling to the layman. The top brass sent a message back to Baumberger, asking him to provide a second review and recommendation, this time in greater detail. Bombo got the word but failed to understand it. He summoned his top legal officer, Captain Larry H. Benrubi. They went over the whole record, line by line. On 1 November, Baumberger filed his second and more definitive report. He began with the conduct of Captain Witter:

> It is evident that from the inception of this investigation, the investigating officer changed the purpose for which the investigation was convened—that of determining the factual validity of allegations made against the commanding officer which had occasioned his summary relief—to one of whether he is the type of officer who deserves command at sea.

This was none of Witter's business. Even more reprehensible, in Baumberger's view, was Witter's ignorance or disdain of judicial proprieties. Witter had engaged in long off-the-record "discussions" with Arnheiter. He injected himself personally into the role of psychologist "rather than impersonal finder of fact." Witter had accused Arnheiter of engaging in vicious exchanges" and speaking in "incredulous tones." Such remarks on Witter's part, said Baumberger, "were completely improper and indicate a lack of objectivity." Still further, "the record is replete with instances in which the investigating officer either neglected or refused to pursue available evidence concerning specific allegations of misconduct. His findings of fact are for the most part based upon unsubstantiated opinions of witnesses inimical to Lieutenant Commander Arnheiter."

Point by point, Baumberger demolished the flimsy structure. Evidence as to dangerous towing of the whaleboat was insufficient. Arnheiter's leaving the whaleboat for two hours was "not improper." A charge that the speedboat once was used to draw enemy fire "is completely without credible foundation." As for the "false position reports," Baumberger found that Qui Nhon "was at all times aware of the general area in which *Vance* operated." There was a charge that Arnheiter had arranged the Mess Night merely to gain a windfall of $1.85 on his mess bill: "It does not appear that the commanding officer was so motivated." One especially

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scurrilous charge was that Arnheiter had attempted to coerce Hardy into recommending him for a Silver Star. Baumberger found "no credible evidence" to support the accusation.

In the end, Baumberger boiled the 41 findings down to three. The Christmas Eve eggnog was a violation of regulations and not to be condoned. Arnheiter's failure to keep one-third of his officers aboard at Guam also was a violation of regulations and not to be condoned, but "the nature of *Vance*'s employment on that occasion and the otherwise normal manning of in-port watches tend to mitigate the violation." The misleading report on spare parts "was censurable conduct. However, since the extent of the misrepresentation is unknown, the degree of dereliction cannot be determined."

Baumberger did not hold Arnheiter otherwise blameless. He had exhibited "a lack of tact and good judgment in his attempt to achieve commendable goals." Even so, there was not sufficient proof of misconduct to justify relief for cause. Baumberger recommended, *for the second time*, that Arnheiter be "reassigned to command a destroyer escort in this force to provide an opportunity for reassessment of his abilities."

Baumberger's exhaustive review was an exercise in futility. On 20 January 1967, his superior, Admiral Roy L. Johnson, commander of the entire Pacific Fleet, officially closed the file. In a final order, Johnson first defended Captain Witter's conduct; then he upheld Baumberger's critical review of Witter's findings; then he reversed Baumberger's recommendation for a new command. For all practical purposes, that was the end of the Arnheiter case. Arnheiter was transferred to San Francisco. There he began searching for help in his plea for still further review, vindication, and redress.

One suspects that Johnson was uncomfortable. Just one week before his order of the 20th, Johnson sent a puzzling letter to his fleet commanders. The subject was: complaints against commanding officers. Though he did not say so, the Arnheiter case plainly was weighing on his mind. The implication is clear that he believed the case "had not been handled in a wholly satisfactory manner." He reminded his top officers that "it is essential," in such complaints, "that careful inquiry" be made and that pertinent facts be established. Appropriate regulations should be "scrupulously followed." Johnson wanted each of his fleet commanders personally to ensure "that there is a full understanding of this and careful compliance with required procedures."

What is one to make of Johnson's letter? The only reasonable inference is that he felt the Arnheiter case had not been handled carefully, that the facts had not been proved, that procedures had not been scrupulously followed, and that Arnheiter in fact had been treated unfairly. If this was Johnson's meaning (and the letter speaks revealingly for itself), why did he not sustain Baumberger's recommendation or at least provide for a *de novo* Court of Inquiry?

The answer that is given by Arnheiter's supporters—among them retired Admirals Thomas Settle, Lorenzo Sabin, and Dan Gallery—is that it then was too late. The vindication of Arnheiter, at this point, would have created gross embarrassment all down the line. Admirals King and Irvine had erred. Captain Witter had conducted a wretched investigation. Commander Milligan had acted precipitately. Others at Subic were involved. And back in Washington, Vice Admiral Semmes long ago had decreed Arnheiter's "detachment for cause."

Admiral Gallery states his opinion bluntly: "It's the old story of big-shot professionals covering up each other's mistakes." Admiral Sabin has denounced the "smoke screen." Admiral Settle, after reviewing the whole rec-

—*United Press International Photo*

Paul R. Ignatius—The Secretary of the Navy, all at sea in the Pentagon, bothered by lawsuits, congressmen, and other nuisances

ord, has raised a rhetorical question: "Is the Navy no longer big enough, does it no longer have enough guts, to admit a mistake and redress it?"

The answer to Admiral Settle's question is no. In the Navy's view, there has been no mistake. The official position is that Arnheiter "committed many derelictions, knowingly and deliberately." Arnheiter revealed "a gross lack of judgment and an inability to command and lead people." The record further reveals "that the conduct and performance of the officers, other than the commanding officer, of *Vance* were entirely satisfactory." Attention is directed to Captain Witter's finding that Hardy, Belmonte and Generous "served the commanding officer to the best of their ability under the circumstances, and that no person on *Vance*, other than Lieutenant Commander Arnheiter, is deserving of any adverse action based on the facts disclosed as a result of the investigation."

This is the whitewash treatment. It has continued for the past year, despite Arnheiter's discovery in the spring of 1967 of some evidence wholly unknown to him at the time of the Witter hearing. This evidence, known as the "bogus familygram," is a purported letter from Arnheiter to the families of enlisted men. Mimeographed on ship's stationery, it is dated 15 March 1966, Somewhere in the War Zone.

> Dear Mom and Dad or Wife (as the case may be):
>
> My name is Marcus Aurelius Arnheiter, and I am the commanding officer of the USS VANCE (DER-387). I am the senior officer on board, and I have the sole authority for everything about the ship. It is my ship and I am THE BOSS.
>
> Let me tell you something about myself and VANCE. I am the son of my parents who in turn were the children of theirs. My grandfather was Baron Louis von Arnheiter, an early pioneer in manned flight (with somebody else in the plane). He married my grandmother who was Baroness Bungus von Buttbrusher, and I have their marriage license to prove it. As you can see that I come from such an outstanding line of really fine and famous people, you will really appreciate that I am the CAPTAIN OF THE VANCE. I am the Boss, and what I say on this ship is the law. ARNHEITER!

The forged letter continues with a statement that "we think of our loved ones back home, you, the ones we love and pray for in massed forced worship."

> We will be heroes, those of us who live through this carnage, and those of your loved ones who fell here and rot in this foreign place will be remembered by the bemedaled ones who, by the merest chance, should survive. But if anyone gets through, I will, and you can bet your ass I'll remember VANCE.
>
> I am a great man, and I will try to impart some of that greatness to your doltish loved ones. As you think of VANCE, think of me, for I am the most important man aboard. If you would like an autographed picture of the ship with my face superimposed, just send $1 apiece to cover the cost of handling . . .
>
> Marc. →

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Who could have written such a letter? To whom was it distributed? Arnheiter's copy came to him anonymously from Pearl Harbor. If this contemptuous ridicule was the work of one of the dissenting officers, the fact would go far toward establishing Arnheiter's basic defense, that he was the victim of a mutinous conspiracy in the wardroom. A full-dress Court of Inquiry could explore the matter.

Notable Allies

What of Belmonte's "mad log"? He has described it as "just a few scribbles." He has denied showing it to others. But the few scribbles turned into 38 pages of testimony before Captain Witter. Lieutenant Fuehrer knew of the "mad log." So did McWhirter. So did an enlisted man named Steven Joy. Did Belmonte once say that he hoped to see Arnheiter hanged? A sailor named Farnum said so, under oath. A Court of Inquiry could explore these matters, too. This is all that Arnheiter has asked; he has even brought suit in a U. S. District Court in California, seeking a court order to compel the Secretary of the Navy to set such a procedure in motion.

In his fight for vindication, Arnheiter has enlisted some notable allies. Admirals Settle, Sabin and Gallery have rallied to his side. Rear Admiral A. S. Goodfellow finds Arnheiter's record, on the whole, "exemplary." Vice Admiral Lot Ensey has said that Arnheiter "deserves commendation." Vice Admiral Ruthven Libby sums up the story in a sentence: "A couple of beatnik junior officers succeeded in cutting the throat of their commanding officer from behind his back and got away with it."

None of the support for Arnheiter has commanded the national attention that was drawn by Captain Richard Alexander's self-sacrificing action of 7 November 1967. Alexander had not always been in Arnheiter's corner. In March of 1967, before the evidence of the bogus familygram turned up, Alexander had concluded that Arnheiter's "zeal was excessive and [his] judgment faulty." He urged Arnheiter to face the fact "that you were, in the majority opinion, including my own, brought down by your own actions and not by faulty procedures or disloyal subordinates."

But Alexander changed his mind altogether. It was not the familygram alone. It was rather, he has said, a total reconsideration of the 99 days of Arnheiter's command. The longer he studied the case, and the more he examined his own conscience, the more he was driven to the conviction that while his March withdrawal from Arnheiter was prudent, "to turn against him was pusillanimous." He conveyed his altered view to Secretary of the Navy Paul Ignatius, and because of Alexander's prestigious position as prospective commander of *New Jersey*, Ignatius on 7 November sent a plane to bring Alexander to his office.

They conferred for an hour. Then Alexander departed, leaving behind him a 26-page statement that assuredly will find its place in naval history. His review of the Arnheiter case is brilliant, incisive, overwhelming.

> Where did strength and where did weakness lie in that ship? Who stood for duty, honor, country, and who was disloyal? Whose standards would you commend to a young officer today? Those of Hardy, Generous, and Belmonte? Whose efforts were deserving of command support and who should have been censured?

Alexander vividly recalled the events of 31 March, when Arnheiter received message orders announcing his summary relief:

> Within twelve hours he was under guard in his cabin, having been relieved by another Escort Squardon Commander who gave no explanation. After a night under guard he was kicked off his ship. Four days later he was confronted in an investigation with an amazing chain of damning, ruinous allegations that were bewildering in scope and viciousness. Mr. Secretary, what all of your officers will demand to know is just how in hell this could happen in the United States Navy!

It seems unlikely, but it is possible, that Alexander's passionate protest might have moved the Secretary if his statement had stopped there. Unfortunately, Alexander was swept away by his conviction that only a public explosion would blow the top off the Arnheiter case. He distributed his statement to the press and to members of Congress. Regrettably, in a fatal breach of protocol, he failed to leave even a courtesy copy for Admiral Thomas Moorer, Chief of Naval Operations. Moorer, a distinguished and greatly respected officer, had been installed only two months earlier; he knew little of the Arnheiter case. He was understandably outraged to read about it in the papers. He summoned Alexander to his office, told him he had lost confidence in him, and wanted his resignation as commanding officer of *New Jersey*. Three weeks later, Alexander was shipped to an ignominious desk job in the Boston Navy Yard, his career at an end.

Alexander does not regret his support of Arnheiter. In his view, "Arnheiter has the spark of naval genius. He might have been another Halsey. God knows the Navy has need of such men."

There it stands. Secretary Ignatius has flatly refused to reopen the case. Such congressmen as Joseph Y. Resnick and Herbert Tenser of New York have urged a congressional investigation, but the House Armed Services Committee has shown no disposition to take up their resolution. Arnheiter's suit against Secretary Ignatius may not survive the government's first motion to dismiss. Meanwhile, Arnheiter himself has been sued by Generous and Belmonte for invasion of privacy and defamation of character, but such a proceeding scarcely would produce the official inquiry Arnheiter has demanded. At the Pentagon, a form letter has been prepared in which the Navy earnestly cites its multiple reviews of the case.

Back to the Old Ways

The key figures are scattered. Arnheiter is stranded at headquarters of the Western Sea Frontier on Treasure Island; his personal struggle for vindication absorbs his waking hours. Hardy, promoted to lieutenant commander, is stationed at Key West; he is "fed up" with Arnheiter, and believes his detachment was "richly deserved." Belmonte, 27, is out of the Navy, and working in the financial district of San Francisco. Generous, 28, who is taking graduate studies at Stanford University, also is out; he resigned his commission in November of 1966 in a highly-charged letter, speaking of Arnheiter as "we who called him criminal."

In June of 1967, long after Arnheiter was effectively beached, a former commissaryman third class on *Vance*, Ronald D. Fournier, wrote a letter of recollection:

"When Lieutenant Commander Arnheiter came aboard, he tried to get the ship running the way it should have been running but was not. The trouble was that people had been too used to being lazy and didn't want to change, didn't want to make the effort. When Mr. Arnheiter was C.O., he changed the status of the petty officers by giving them authority, and I think they appreciated it. But as soon as he left the ship, things went back to the way they were before: A seaman could talk back to a first class petty officer and get away with it. . . . *Now, everything's back the way it used to be before he came.*"

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Letter from Saigon

Vietnam's Internal Situation

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Most thoughtful Vietnamese admit, sometimes grudgingly, that the American presence in their country is necessary and unavoidable. I recently revisited Vietnam after a lapse of 23 months and was able to verify this for myself. Of course, the Vietnamese are decidedly not sheep. They dissent violently, they haggle and bicker and disregard George Washington's advice to nascent republics to abandon the "baneful party spirit." The South Vietnamese political parties have fiefs, local allegiances, vested interests, animosities and religious prejudices to a high degree.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

This brings us to the subject of the always latent menace of Buddhist insurrection. The Western mind boggles at the thought that people in the face of the North Vietnamese Communist assault, with its daily heavy toll of civilian lives, still have the time and the disposition to fight among themselves—out of rancor, vanity, envy, pride, jealousy and, occasionally, for filthy lucre. Even the most sketchy account of the Buddhist turmoils in the past would transcend the scope of this article. Certainly one of the principal reasons for unrest among the Buddhists is jealousy of the Christians who are, in the main, better-educated Northerners. The Buddhists have the right to "military chaplains" to balance the Catholic chaplains who enjoyed a monopoly under Ngo Dinh Diem. But a Buddhist representative of a pacifist philosophy in a military force is an anomaly unless viewed in the light of psychology and the "me too" urge. (Who could imagine Quaker chaplains in the U.S. Armed Forces?) In fact, these "chaplains" are political propagandists and a matter of grave concern to the Army leadership.

Although the Xa-Loi Pagoda in Saigon, once a center of resistance, no longer causes trouble, other organizations have filled the void, among them the "Struggle Movement" centered in Hué and the Vien Hao Dao or Institute for the Propagation of the Dharma. Some Buddhist leaders are sincerely "other-wordly" and non-political, but most of them are anti-Western and anti-American, and there is a tendency for them to form around themselves groups likely to favor the Vietcong. The latter always has supported the Buddhists in a clever, indirect way and the Buddhist army chaplains conduct an intensive propaganda campaign against Marshal Ky, their boss and, incidentally, himself a Buddhist.

ARVNs Good Fighters

The Army is not very unified either, which is not surprising after a series of military *coups d'état*. Still, it has made a certain progress in the last two years. It must not be forgotten that it takes at least half a generation, if not a full generation, to form an independent army with an *esprit de corps*. Composed of leading guerrilla fighters of the anti-French resistance as well as former non-coms and occasional officers of the French Army, the South Vietnamese Army is still a rather mixed body.

This does not mean that the South Vietnamese are not good fighters. The Rangers and Parachute Battalions are excellent, and not only the rank and file of the army fight bravely. So do the Regional and Popular Forces (part-time soldiers fighting in their native regions) who repeatedly have performed feats of great heroism. In this connection one must remember that, compared to the Americans the Vietnamese Army is still very badly equipped. The average American battalion of 1,000 men has fifty machine guns, the average Vietnamese battalion of 650 men, five to seven of them. The American Army leans heavily on its magnificent matèriel, while the less well-equipped Vietnamese Army suffers fairly heavy losses even in the most victorious encounters.

But the Vietnamese Army is not the government's only weapon against Communist aggression, which until the Tet offensive had been directed mainly against the countryside rather than against the cities with their industries (so far largely unharmed by the VC, which hopes to "inherit" them). The idea that Communism largely thrives on empty stomachs is as widespread as it is naive—there are almost no empty stomachs in Vietnam. Food is cheap and plentiful. One has to reckon, however, with envy, and with the morbid land hunger of every peasantry the world over.

The crucial problem is how to conquer the *soul* of South Vietnam, especially of its farmers. An action called *Chieu Hoi* (usually translated as "open arms," but actually meaning "return") was devised in 1963. It aims at reeducation and has met with considerable success. Even more constructive is a gigantic program to provide the villages with cadres of trained personnel. In all three-month training courses, the National Development Training Center in Vung-Tau educates 9,000 trainees, drilling village and hamlet leaders in military preparedness, home economics, agrarian skills and basic political knowledge. The South Vietnamese realize that the Vietcong owe their dynamism to the fact that in Communism they have a philosophy, a plan and a vision. Neither democracy, (a procedural pattern) nor "anti-Communism" (merely a negation) is enough. The Revolutionary Development people man "New Life" hamlets for refugees. The Vietcong recognize this danger to their cause, and the massacre of the Montagnard New Life village of Dak-Son last December 6 (242 killed) was one of their outstanding acts of bestial vengeance. Yet the RD remain undaunted. They think that they, rather than the military, can bring about victory. They are, I am sure, at least half right.

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JUST DESSERTS

NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

Many people will tell you that they don't eat desserts. But even these Spartans will plunge in with the best when they are confronted with a delicious concoction. Granted it must be a worthwhile dessert. Otherwise it is a waste of time to make and a waste of good calories to eat, calories that would be far better spent on liquid cheer.

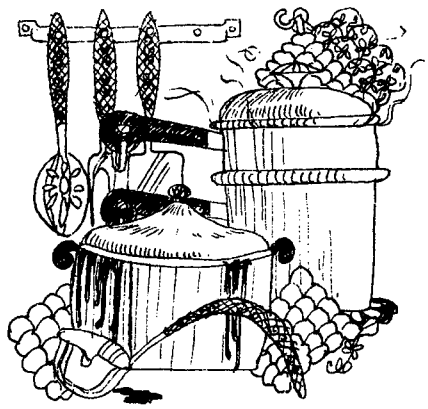
Great desserts do not have to be complicated. Some, made with fruit, can be extremely simple. I am thinking of fresh pineapple sprinkled with sugar and Kirsch, the perfect finale for a rich, creamy dinner, or of a dish of fresh strawberries coated with a puree of fresh or even frozen raspberries—they can be pureed in a blender. Here, be guided by the sweetness of the fruits themselves, since the dessert must stay on the tart side. Heavy unwhipped cream is good with this. Or fresh dark cherries, pitted of course (there are cherry pitters on the market, descendants of those invented by the Shakers), sprinkled with a little sugar and brought to a quick boil to set their juices flowing. Of course these are to be served ice-cold, with cream for those who like cream.

To get back to the Hazelton theory of desserts: I have noticed that far too many women underestimate the power of a good dessert on the men. Not for nothing does the song enquire if she could bake a cherry pie. Almost all men are natural dessert lovers. But seeing that desserts are part of the lower and truer nature of men does not mean that they will always confess to this fact. No, they like to be coaxed and they like to have it pointed out to them that the stupendous creation before their greedy little eyes was made for them alone. Women are far more straightforward in their approach to desserts. They'll say that they darn well know they shouldn't, but that they will and let it go at that.

A man I once knew, a true dessert-lover, once came up with an interesting theory on the subject. He said that desserts are closely linked with sex. Every good meal should be followed by a sweet and a dancing girl, both practices known to the gourmets among the ancient Egyptians, Greeks and Romans and to the Persians and other bon vivants of the Near East. Now that dancing girls are not so easily come by, the stress has to be put on desserts, which should be rich and preferably contain chocolate, the sexiest sweet of all. Indeed it is true that no other people in the world are as preoccupied with sex as Americans (except perhaps for the Hindus, but then, with them it is a religion) and no other country in the world makes and loves so many chocolate desserts as the U.S. Chocolate cake will establish you as a loveable homebody. Chocolate mousse, on the other hand, will give you the air of a cosmopolite, ooh lah lah; and it also has the advantage of being easy and nearly foolproof.

Loveable Chocolate Cake: Choose any good rich devil's food from a good standard cookbook and cover it with lots and lots of icing.

Delectations



Elegant Chocolate Cake

4 squares (4 ounces) unsweetened baking chocolate
4 tablespoons water
½ cup sugar
½ cup (1 stick) butter cut into pieces
4 eggs, separated
¼ cup finely ground blanched almonds
1 teaspoon vanilla flavoring or 2 teaspoons brandy, rum or Kirsch
1/3 cup sifted all-purpose flour
1 cup heavy cream, whipped with 1-2 tablespoons sugar
candied violets

Set the oven to medium, at 350°F. Put the chocolate in the top of a double boiler, add the water and sugar and cook over hot, not boiling, water until the chocolate is completely melted. Stir frequently. Stir in the butter piece by piece, until it is melted. Remove from the heat and cool. Add the egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Blend in the nuts and the flavoring. Gradually stir in the flour and beat well. Beat the eggwhites until stiff and fold them into the batter. Grease and flour two round eight-inch layer-cake pans. Put half the batter into each pan. Bake for about 25 minutes or until a cake tester or knitting needle inserted in the middle of the cake comes out clean. Do not overbake, the cake should be on the moist side. Cool in the pan for about five minutes; turn out of the pans and continue cooling on a rack. Just before serving time, whip the cream until stiff with the sugar. Spread about 1/3 of the whipped cream on one layer, top with the other and spread the remaining cream over the top and sides of the cake. Decorate with candied violets which can be bought at any gourmet shop.

Chocolate Mousse

To succeed, this dessert must be made and chilled at least twelve and preferably 24 hours before it will be used. Else it does not have the right consistency.

4 squares (or ounces) unsweetened baking chocolate
¾ cup sugar
¼ cup water or coffee
5 eggs, separated
1 teaspoon vanilla flavoring or 2 tbspns. rum, brandy or Kirsch

Put the chocolate, sugar and water or coffee in the top of a double boiler and cook over hot, not boiling, water until the chocolate is melted. Stir frequently. Remove from the heat, but leave the top of the double boiler still over the hot water. Beat in the egg yolks one at a time, beating well after each addition. Remove from the bottom and cool the mixture. Stir in the flavoring. Beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry—they should stand in firm large peaks. Fold the beaten egg whites gently into the chocolate mixture. Pour into individual little white soufflé dishes (the classic way) or into a serving bowl. Cover the dishes or bowl with plastic wrap so that the mousse won't absorb odors during its stay in the refrigerator. Chill no less than twelve hours. Makes eight servings.

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»BOOKS·ARTS·MANNERS«

The Draft

DAVID FRANKE

It is a fairly safe assumption that the Academy is a reliable barometer of future trends in the political marketplace. The Keynesian welfare state was formulated first in the universities, and in more recent times the conservative revival also first surfaced as an intellectual movement. Similarly, there is a tremendous controversy raging today in academic circles. The issue is conscription, and "tomorrow" will come when the Vietnam war is over and rational debate is again possible. These books are evidence of the serious consideration being given to the issue today by intellectuals of all ideological and philosophical schools. And because it brings together an exchange of all these points of view in an academic setting, *The Draft, A Handbook of Facts and Alternatives* is the most fascinating of them.

The setting is the University of Chicago conference on the draft held in December 1966. *The Draft* contains both the papers delivered at that conference and an edited transcript of its plenary sessions. In a process which we can see taking place elsewhere on the political scene, though with less clarity at this date, the conferees ended up in two distinctly opposite camps—one authoritarian, the other libertarian. Their respective banners were marked National Service and Voluntary Army, and, for once, the libertarians put the authoritarians to rout.

National Service is hard to define, since each of its advocates has his own vision of what it should be. Generally, however, it involves placing all young people in some program of officially approved "service," whether military or humanitarian in nature. Its most ardent proponents include anthropologist Margaret Mead, former Peace Corps Associate Director Harris Wofford, University of Chicago sociology professor Morris Janowitz, and Donald Eberly, Executive Director of the National Service Secretariat, their lobby-in-embryo. (Some 35 representatives and nine senators have already offered resolutions in Congress on National Service.)

The Draft, A Handbook of Facts and Alternatives, edited by Sol Tax. University of Chicago Press, $12.95

Why the Draft? The Case for a Volunteer Army, by James C. Miller III, editor, and others. Penguin, $1.25 (paperback)

How To End The Draft, The Case for an All-Volunteer Army, by Rep. Robert T. Stafford and other Members of Congress. National Press, Inc., $2.95 (paperback)

IT BECOMES CLEAR in these pages that National Service would, in effect, be the planner's tool in nationalizing American education. Janowitz is most direct about this: he foresees the day when "formally or informally, entrance to the teaching profession would include some service in the national teaching corps."

A Stanford man compares criticism of compulsory National Service with "mid-nineteenth-century questioning of compulsory education," then disposes of the criticism with the assertion that "it has become as much a legal duty as a privilege to become educated." It becomes equally clear in these pages that if National Service is to be *national* and is to achieve the goals envisioned by its proponents, it must also be compulsory.

Since compulsory "humanitarian" service is distasteful to many people, and probably is unconstitutional by pre-Warren Court standards, there was much hedging on this point at the conference. Janowitz spoke of "voluntary compliance," Wofford of "universal voluntary service." Janowitz promised that "national service would *at the outset* be voluntary" (emphasis added). "It is a system of voluntary service," he explained, "in the context of changing social and political definitions." But it was Margaret Mead who changed the social and political definitions with Orwellian perfection. Sensing the growing opposition to compulsion at the conference, she averred that National Service should be "universal" in that "it should be *available* to everyone." Then this dialogue took place:

> *Mr. John Naisbitt:* I'm thoroughly confused about Miss Mead's position. When you say you want to give everyone a chance . . . does that mean those who volunteer. . . ?
>
> *Dr. Mead:* No, I would like everyone to have a chance as they now have a chance at a public school education.
>
> *Mr. Naisbitt:* But if they choose not to take the chance—do they have to go?
>
> *Dr. Mead:* They'd have to do something or I suppose we'd have a new breed of conscientious objectors. . . .

If the National Service lobby had their full say at the conference, they did not gain the support of a majority of the conferees, who instead gave their vote to a voluntary army. Their conversion—and for many of them it was exactly that—was largely the work of three men: Dr. Milton Friedman, the University of Chicago economist who served as an adviser to Barry Goldwater in 1964; Bruce Chapman, a leader of the liberal Republican Ripon Society; and Dr. Walter Y. Oi, professor of economics at the University of Washington. Dr. Oi, who has served as a consultant on manpower needs for the Department of Defense, provided the statistical data showing the costs, implications and feasibility of an army recruited by voluntary means. Friedman, one could say, translated Oi's statistics into layman's language and embellished that with a brilliant array of his own reasons for supporting a voluntary army. Chapman did an equally impressive job presenting the political arguments in favor of voluntarism, and battling the authoritarian camp in the plenary debates.

Three themes recurred in the arguments opposing a voluntary army —cost feasibility, prospects of a "Negro army," and feared threats to democracy from a professional army. To the first question—that of cost

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feasibility—the Friedman-Chapman-Oi trio answer that the costs of conversion to a voluntary system would probably be an additional $3 billion to $8 billion a year. But, they add, this is increased *budgetary* cost. If we take into account the *real* costs of conscription—including the "tax in kind" levied on each conscript, or the difference between what he could earn in the civilian economy and what he gets in the army—it may well be that the voluntary system would bring a decrease in real costs to the economy.

To the fears that a voluntary army would be racially unbalanced, Friedman documents the statistical impossibility of a "Negro army," and asks: why, under any circumstances, should we deny a Negro the opportunity to better his position through a career in the military?

And to the alleged political dangers, the reply is that such a political danger is indeed inherent in any standing army. It comes, however, from the upper ranks of the officer corps who under any circumstances are professionals. Friedman shows how military putsches have come about as often with conscript armies as with professional armies, and then formulates some proposals for lateral recruitment in the officer corps designed to offset any dangers which may arise in the future.

THESE ARGUMENTS are augmented still further in *Why the Draft? The Case for a Volunteer Army,* written by seven young political economists who are disciples of Friedman. It is the first work presenting, under one cover, a rather complete case for a voluntary army. The authors weigh the desirability of voluntarism against the alternatives of Selective Service, National Service, and the lottery, and on the basis of equity, feasibility, national tradition, social balance and democratic ideals. They expand on Friedman's analysis of the real costs of conscription, and the inherent inequity of conscription when only a third of those eligible are needed and drafted. The question, they show, is not *whether* a citizen should help defend his country—we all have that duty—but *how* that obligation can be fulfilled most fairly.

But the most valuable aspect of their volume, I found, was its study of the history of conscription in the United States. It is a masterful piece of revisionist history, drawing upon the three standard works in the field but coming to conclusions that support voluntarism rather than conscription. Considered, in turn, are the experiences of the Revolutionary period, the War of 1812, the Civil War—and then the twentieth century, when Prussian attitudes toward conscription first found a receptive audience in this country.

HOW TO END THE DRAFT, co-authored by five Republican congressmen, is a disappointment, especially when compared to the other books. Unlike the book by the young political economists—where each contributor signs his own chapter—there is no individual authorship in this volume. The result, of course, is the result of all political compromise: a loss of polemical sharpness, and too many qualifications of the central thesis in the effort to please all contributors.

Despite these drawbacks, the authors do make some 31 specific suggestions about how to move toward a voluntary army. These suggestions cover pay, retirement benefits, civilianization of certain non-combat military positions, and recruitment. The young political economists present a more convincing case for a voluntary army, but many of the congressmen's suggestions are worthy of serious further study.

Where, then, do we stand? The libertarian conservative, it seems to me, must stand against conscription except in temporary circumstances where it is absolutely necessary for the national defense. Break down that wall of justification and you have no logical case against the horrors of neo-fascism in the guise of National Service. There is plenty of ammunition in these volumes indicating that conscription is not necessary today, and that it is both feasible and desirable that we begin the gradual but steady transition to a voluntary army.

It is time, too, that the advocates of conscription, rather than those who favor voluntarism, be required to justify *their* position. It is they, after all, who are out of line with the American tradition. And in this day when we hear so much talk of "constructive alternatives," the concept of a voluntary army presents itself as just such an opportunity—and one, I might add, that has plenty of political sex appeal.

Condemned To Be Free

MAX GELTMAN

HAROLD CRUSE has written a terribly honest book. He spares no one in his broadside against American intellectuals, white and black. But his sharpest darts are directed at the Jewish "intruders" into the choking dust of Negro-white relations. In point of fact, he is of the opinion that the nation lacks any meaningful culture whatsoever and the culture it is stuck with is largely influenced by Jewish intellectuals. Having their own cultural-political axe to grind, they seem to dominate all avenues of artistic expression in the United States from ownership of the Apollo Theater in Harlem to the American Jewish Committee's *Commentary,* which has taken upon itself the burden of explaining the Negro to himself—and to the rest of the nation. Even if the sense of outrage is understandable, he does tend to overstate the matter.

With all this, his strictures are mainly directed at the Left—all of it, from the official Communist Party to the lib-lab blatherskites whom he excoriates with ill-concealed contempt. Their ideology, derived from Marx, he defines as alien to the American spirit and temperament, and especially alien to both significant segments of the American confrontation: the White Anglo-Saxon Protestants (WASPs) and the Negroes who represent the largest ethnic (racial) minority in the nation.

***The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual,* by Harold Cruse. Morrow, $8.95**
***Black Power,* by Stokely Carmichael and Charles V. Hamilton. Vintage Books, $1.95**

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In his effort to elaborate the reasons for the built-up illusions and myths which have led to the "crisis" of his book, Mr. Cruse is himself ensnared by a myth, namely, that given Harlem all to themselves, the Negroes can create a viable way of life politically and economically, and more important, a kind of culture that will not only be equal to, but will surpass the dominant white (WASP) culture—or lack of it—in the land.

SINCE MR. CRUSE does not claim to be an economist (he demands only that "a new school of economics be devised") it would hardly be fair to point out to him that, by themselves, the Negroes in Harlem, made up in the main of fatherless families on relief (a subject he does not touch

on at all in his book), are hardly in a position to compete with the broader segments of the general population, much less with that achievement-oriented minority which he tries to understand, but which eludes him as it does so many of the potentates of the world. Actually, all he would seem to be calling for is a reaffirmation of that cultural, political, and economic identity expounded by the great genius of the Negro race, Booker T. Washington, the only black man the author unabashedly endorses.

Yet Washington was rejected in a blind passion of his people for selecting and following its worst representatives on all sides of the political spectrum. The author is aware of this; he is dismayed by those on the Left, with their Marxist and Communist and totalitarian biases, who gained a foothold in Renaissance Harlem of the Twenties and suffocated the nascent possibilities of its people. How the party-liners usurped the cultural scene; how they, together with their civil-righteous and integrationist allies on the liberal Left, prepared the way for the emergence of those "crackpots" and "zealots" who are now seeking the "revolution of chaos," is brilliantly and brutally told in his evocation of Harlem past and present.

What Mr. Cruse wants may be impossible to attain, since for the Negro his panaceas are all behind him. He has tried everything, except being himself. Or maybe that is just what the author wants. Surely his passion for Negro self-awareness, for a cultural thrust unencumbered by alien ideologies, is worth trying. But first Mr. Cruse must be able to see America whole and to see it true. He must be able to rub off the Marxist rust which has rubbed off on him, almost inevitably, from the cultural scene he has inhabited for a quarter of a century. It is this accumulated rust that makes him use such phrases for Harlem as an "impoverished and super-exploited economic dependency." This is out of context with his whole desire to achieve the "cultural identity" he is seeking. And it doesn't help matters either to engage in wild contempt, making nothing—absolutely nothing—of White Anglo-Saxon achievements in the cultural life of the nation, from the Mayflower Compact to the Declaration of Independence to the Bill of Rights to the literature of Hawthorne and Melville (whose *Benito Cereno* is perhaps the single most important contribution to his subject). Despite all this, Mr. Cruse's heroes are all WASPs (C. Wright Mills and Randolph Bourne), or white Protestants out of German Lutheranism like V. F. Calverton (no Calverton he, but George Goetz out of Baltimore).

Even as Mr. Cruse derides the use of "semantic nationalism" by the brasher elements of the Black Power movement, his description of the movements and the in-fighting which have riven the largest Negro community in America is trenchant, sometimes angry but never without candor. And on occasion the reader is caught up short by exquisite expressions that set the head reeling, as, for instance: "Historically, it has been amply demonstrated that America, as well as the Afro-American to whom she is wedded, are both condemned to be free."

THERE ARE THOSE among his people, the author points out, who would substitute "race war" for the social ferment prevailing in the nation. Here Mr. Cruse detects the hand of the West Indians who are "never so 'revolutionary' as when they are away from the Islands." Which brings us to Stokely Carmichael who, too, is never so revolutionary as when he is away from his native Trinidad—or from his home base in Harlem. Thus from Sweden he denounces America as "hell," while from Cuba he is ready to tear down the bastions of American capitalism; but in his book, written jointly with Charles V. Hamilton of Tuskegee Institute, he argues rather pathetically and almost apologetically that all he wants is the right of black people to vote right, meaning Left, and always for the black man instead of the white honky. The book starts with a heading by I. F. Stone (this, more than anything else, suggests its literary quality), stating the thesis that the Negro in America represents "an instance of internal imperialism," and ends with the cryptic demand for "TCB—Take care of business," whatever that "business" is. In case there is doubt, the authors add, almost frightening themselves in the process, they are prepared to achieve their rather "modest" goals "by whatever

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means necessary." To hear them argue, all they want is what the Catholics have in their Knights of Columbus and what the Jews have in the B'nai B'rith. All of which adds up to the fact that I didn't find their book *credible.*

Both works may be summed up with a quotation from Mr. Cruse who, at least, is not afraid of honorable self-criticism, which is the way I read it: ". . . the [Negro] intellectual stratum often has the illusion that in speaking for itself it is also speaking for the masses." This may be said for every "stratum" of the multifarious Negro community in the United States of America.

Churchill in the Liberal Party

ELSPETH HUXLEY

MAKING BRICKS with stale straw, often regurgitated, is the lot of most biographers. Randolph Churchill is remarkably lucky. Millions of words have been his portion, words chosen and arranged by the greatest Englishman since—Nelson? Wellington? Pitt? Or further back still to Raleigh, Drake, Shakespeare? The opportunity could easily have been bungled. Selection can be as complex and as subtle an art as creation. Mr. Churchill has not bungled. His pattern is firm, his linking narrative relaxed, his balance judicious; he stays in the background without losing control. For the most part Winston speaks for himself, aided by cross-talk from colleagues. Theirs was a literate, articulate and tireless generation trained to commit everything to paper in this last flowering of the pre-audio-visual age.

Volume I dealt with childhood and the flame of youth—school, the cavalry subaltern, the war correspondent, the young Tory. Here the flame is steadied to the incandescent brilliance of an early manhood fed by privilege. At the age of twenty-six Winston, as of right, wins his seat in the House of Commons. Soon he parts company with the Tories on the issue of Free Trade versus Protection and crosses the floor to join the Opposition—more radical, but soundly laced with Whig peers. He becomes Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies at thirty-one. Born into that tight, inbred, sublimely confident ruling class, even his bluntness, brashness and occasional lapse of judgment could not dull his star. The Tories never forgave his dereliction, but from 1905 until the coalition in World War I the Liberals ruled and Winston rose, first to command the Board of Trade, then the Home Office and finally, so far as the story takes us, to re-shape the Navy ready for the German challenge of 1914.

The image of a World War II Churchill, standing in his boiler-suit four-square for the traditions of his nation and defying the impending dissolution of the British Empire, has obliterated an earlier image of the bold young Liberal tilting at privilege and Toryism in support of left-wing policies, conduct that in today's terms would have earned him the label of commie. "Lloyd George and Winston stand out," wrote Fabian socialist Beatrice Webb, "as the most advanced politicians." "We transformed the Board of Trade," he wrote himself—never one for modesty—"into a power house for social legislation." He enthusiastically helped Asquith and Lloyd George hamstring the House of Lords by depriving it of the power to veto finance bills; approved, if somewhat lukewarmly, of votes for women; brought in major social and prison reforms; and consistently backed the old and angry cause of Irish Home Rule. Loyalty to Liberal policies even got him on to platforms in support of temperance. "When he was a back-bencher," his son comments, "Churchill had spoken as if he were an Under-Secretary; as an Under-Secretary, as if a member of the Cabinet; and when he reached the Cabinet, he was apt to speak as if he were Prime Minister."

AS FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY one of his innovations was a fleet air arm. The better to understand its uses he learned to fly himself and was about to qualify as a pilot when he yielded, reluctantly but gracefully, to his wife's entreaties to desist, after his principal instructor had crashed. Most pupils, this instructor had commented, betrayed their nervousness before a flight by gabbling, but not Winston; he concentrated on his papers until the last moment and then said offhandedly: "Well, let us fly."

It was a combination of this close attention to detail and a fascination, like Kipling's, with the techniques of doing things with a broad sweep of vision, that made him so formidable. Unlike many of his class, he was never lazy. "No one is to be pitied," he wrote, "for having to work hard." Sometimes his zeal led him into other people's territory. "He is much addicted," wrote a pained civil servant, "to sending for junior officers and discussing with them the proceedings

Winston S. Churchill. **Volume II, The Young Statesman, 1901-1914, by Randolph S. Churchill. Houghton Mifflin, $10.00**

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of their superiors." He invited a junior lieutenant on H.M.S. *Vernon* to submit direct to him details of a scheme connected with torpedoes, and when Sea Lords and Admirals attempted to restore the chain of command, went "dancing mad" and sent a furious telegram to the General Post Office to intercept a despatch that had gone through its channels.

The outbreak of World War I forms this volume's natural climax. Churchill had failed at first to recognize the German threat, but the Agadir incident of 1911 opened his eyes and thereafter he set himself to prepare the Navy for the war he regarded as inevitable. Once at the Admiralty he became "a water creature." As Lloyd George observed: "You forget that most of us live on land." He did not mind eating words previously uttered against spending money on dreadnoughts. He never practiced half-measures. "I like one thing or the other, not something fading into something else." Had he died at forty, his son suggests, his epitaph would have been: "When war came the Fleet was ready."

THE TEMPTATION simply to go on quoting is over-mastering; Churchill said things so much better than most commentators. Some of the plums from contemporary lives and diaries reappear, such as his remark to Lady Violet Asquith, quoted by Eddie Marsh: "We are all worms, but I do believe I am a glow-worm." And the comment by F. E. Smith: "He has all the canine virtues—courage, fidelity, vigilance, a love of the chase." Canine defects also: pugnacity, obstinacy, a loud bark, a thrusting muzzle. And sometimes an odd insensitivity, as when he tried to browbeat George V into naming a battleship *Oliver Cromwell*. Apparently he was unable to see why a British monarch would be averse from naming one of His Majesty's ships for a regicide.

Churchill was always fortunate, not least in his marriage. His courtship of the beautiful Miss Clementine Hozier was characteristically brief and resolute: within three weeks of his engagement, they were married. No shadow fell over their happiness. In this professional biography, conscious of its historical destiny, politics are almost undiluted, but there are some touching early letters from the young husband adorned with little sketches of the Pug and the Kat, their private names for each other. Their only son became the Chum Bolly. It is reassuring that, like lesser mortals, this pair had their playful side and childish endearments.

ON THE PUBLIC STAGE Churchill could reveal his overbearing, self-centered aspects; now we see that in the family circle he could also be considerate and tender. "I am so much centered in my politics," he wrote to Dearest

Random Notes

● BOOKS: Rand McNally has rushed into print *The Transplanted Heart* by Peter Hawthorne, all about Dr. Barnard's work ($4.95). . . . The *New York Times'* John Canaday has been busy all these years playing Vasari; his *Lives of the Painters* (450 of them) will be published in four volumes this fall, by Norton. . . . James Michener has done *The Modern Japanese Print: An Appreciation* (Tuttle, $5). . . . Winslow Ames examines the pervasive influence of the ultimate tastemaker in *Prince Albert and Victorian Taste* (Viking, $12).

The crime itself and the story of the author's struggle to interpret it through choreography are intertwined in *Lizzie Borden: A Dance of Death* by Agnes de Mille (Little, Brown, $6.95). . . . Gertrude Stein's *Geography and Plays,* out of print since 1922, is back, with the original introduction by Sherwood Anderson (Something Else Press, $6.95; paperback $2.95). . . . Andrew Field's Nabokov: *His Life in Art,* first complete study of the *oeuvre,* is now available in paperback (Little, Brown $2.95). . . . The *New York Times Book Review* will no longer accept advertising for the likes of *Sex and Your Heart, Sexual Happiness in Marriage* and *Sex in the Kindergarten.*

● DIRTY BOOKS: Eric Goldman, former White Housebroken intellectual, has written *The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson: A Historian's Personal Interpretation* (Knopf, July). . . . James Gavin's was-to-have-been campaign book, written with Arthur Hadley, is *Crisis Now!* (Random House, $4.95). . . . In *Going Home,* Doris Lessing describes a Communist's visit to her native Rhodesia (Ballantine, 95 cents).

● ON SCREEN: A film about the Stern Gang and its assassination of Lord Moyne in postwar Palestine will be made this summer—with the full cooperation of the Israeli government. . . . Having settled with Sir James Barrie's heir, the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital, Mel Ferrer will produce a film musical of *Peter Pan*—to star Petula Clark, not Audrey Hepburn as planned. . . . Good old Dalton Trumbo is doing a screenplay of Bernard Malamud's *The Fixer,* to be filmed for MGM by John Frankenheimer. . . . Donald Barthelme's black comedy *Snow White* has been bought for a film; *Panic in Needle Park* has been bought by Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne.

Jules Dassin plans to redo *The Informer* with a Harlem locale; Melina Dassin is having ghosted her very own biography, *My Greece, My Greece.* . . . Last year, publicists omitted mention of Wm. Shakespeare in their puff copy for *Taming of the Shrew;* now MGM's *Shoes of the Fisherman* (from the Morris West novel) is being promoted without reference to the Vatican, the Papacy or Catholicism —it's a "drama of East-West tensions," say the flacks. Like *Ruggles of Red Gap*?

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Clemmie, "that I often feel I must be a dull companion to one who is not in the trade too. It gives me so much joy to make you happy, I often wish I were more varied in my topics. Still the best is to be true to oneself." This he never failed to be. No major reassessments of the history of the Edwardian era in English history are called for by this volume, but no historian will be able to dispense with it; and for the ordinary reader its solidity is mitigated by the glow of personality, as the façade of a massive building is dramatized by floodlighting.

Art

The Door Count

RUTH BERENSON

When my reportorial duties last took me to the Kunsthistorisches Museum of Vienna, it was the Christmas season, a time when in this country museums are hives of frenetic activity, when it is nearly impossible to see anything without bumping into somebody. The Vienna museum was, however, almost completely deserted. As I made my way slowly through the vast galleries, my feet echoed hollowly on the polished floors; my every step was noted suspiciously by the rheumy-eyed guards, their fraying uniforms bulging over layers of sweaters to keep out the pervasive chill. I couldn't decide whether to linger so as to give them something to look at besides the pictures, or to hurry and leave them in peace.

As I entered and left each room, they carefully put the ceiling lights on and off. Most of the pictures were covered with glass which reflected the light bulbs and made viewing difficult, but after a few minutes I was conscious only of what I had come to see: the Dürers, the Rembrandts, the Titians, the Breughels—and the fact that, incredibly, they were all mine and mine alone. I could look at each as long as I wanted; I could step backward without stepping on someone's toes; I could get up close without blocking someone's view; I could think what I liked without a lecturer's half-heard promptings or the distraction of another visitor's comments. It was an unhoped-for luxury —and one which the American museum-goer can scarcely hope to experience at home.

It is true that if one knows one's way about, there are a few empty corners in American museums which only the guards seem aware of. They are usually pretty hard to find, like the two rooms of wonderful Italian bronzes deep in the basement of Washington's National Gallery, or the so-called "Treasure Room"—also in the basement—of the Metropolitan. The average visitor's feet seldom permit him to get this far; instead, he follows the crowds and the electronic guided tours to the more easily accessible galleries where peace and quiet, though devoutly to be wished, are nearly impossible to come by.

American museums, today as never before, are crowded to the rafters. Chicago's Art Institute, Washington's National Gallery and New York's Metropolitan all reckon their attendance in the millions, and other cities are not far behind. This has been widely hailed as evidence of our much-vaunted "cultural explosion." The museums make every effort to ensure that the attendance figures will keep on rising, like the Gross National Product. They are also, of course, concerned with money for new acquisitions, but in a sense this has become a secondary matter—since what good is the greatest work of art if no one sees it? By this reasoning, the success or failure of a museum, like that of a movie or a Broadway show, is rated by the size of the audience—the "magic of the door count," as Russell Lynes put it.

Indefatigable publicity departments of even the newest and smallest galleries and art centers regularly release annual figures to the newspapers as if they were stockholders' reports. If they don't show a rise, the museum director is in serious trouble. The fact that, last year, attendance at the hitherto fabulously successful Museum of Modern Art in New York dropped by an alarming 200,000 may have had nothing to do with the retirement of its long-time director, René d'Harnoncourt. Nevertheless, new director Bates Lowry is doubtless expected to reverse this trend—or else.

Almost every American museum director has as much to do with public relations as with art, if not more. This has been true ever since painter Charles Willson Peale opened America's first museum in Philadelphia in 1785. Starting from scratch, with little of value to show (his exhibits consisted of Indian relics, the reconstructed skeleton of a prehistoric mammoth, portraits of the Founding Fathers by himself and his sons), unable to look to the government for help, Peale's museum, like ours today, was a private enterprise dependent on public support for survival. Since art in the young republic was looked on as a bit sissy, Peale tried—unsuccessfully, as it turned out—to build attendance by stressing its educational value; his museum aimed at "the improvement of the public taste." In the 1840s, P. T. Barnum went into the art-showing business. He got better results than Peale by pitching his sales-talk to the social climbers and the average person's interest in self-improvement. His museum on New York's Lower Broadway, said Barnum, was "nightly crowded with the elite of the city" seeking "instruction . . . blended with amusement." They kept on coming till the building burned down some ten years later.

Museums today appeal to the public in terms not very different from Barnum's. They attract members with black-tie openings of special exhibitions, glittering social affairs which are covered by society reporters. Members also receive expensive

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illustrated catalogues, often unreadable, but eminently suited to coffee table display. And there are continuous special concerts, lectures, children's classes, which they alone may attend. So much for snob appeal. Even more energy is put into luring the masses with bus advertisements, radio and television programs, school classes, teen-age classes, electronic guided tours "explaining" the works of art. Last but by no means least are the rapidly proliferating museum shops, often staffed by comely volunteers, where merchandise ranges from Christmas cards to Polish toys to folk art from Afghanistan. Though supposedly non-profit-making, they not only manage to turn over tidy sums each year but—even more important—they raise the door count, since many people persist in going to museums once a year, to do their Christmas shopping.

It all mounts up. Last year the Metropolitan played host to 6,141,691 people—nearly as many as the population of greater Los Angeles. These included babies in strollers, school classes, harassed fathers ordered to take over the kids on a Saturday afternoon, interior decorators, Seventh Avenue designers seeking inspiration for next year's bikinis, tired shoppers, and young secretaries hoping an eligible young executive will turn up in front of a Rembrandt. They also doubtless included a goodly number of people who came to look at the art—though some of them may have found it pretty hard to see anything.

Art in America has, in fact, become another form of mass entertainment, like watching television or going to the movies. Madison Avenue techniques are used to tout museum merchandise, with the predictable result that the premises are jammed. But when all is said and seen, it is forgotten that art is something more than fun, something more than a stepping-stone to self-improvement. Museums are loath to admit the simple fact that appreciation of paintings and sculpture is the result of long hours spent in looking, in training the eye, in thinking about what one is seeing. Of all the forms of art, painting and sculpture are perhaps least suitable for a consumer goods' mass market. By making their institutions into arenas for yet another spectator sport, American museums are deluding the public they claim to be serving.

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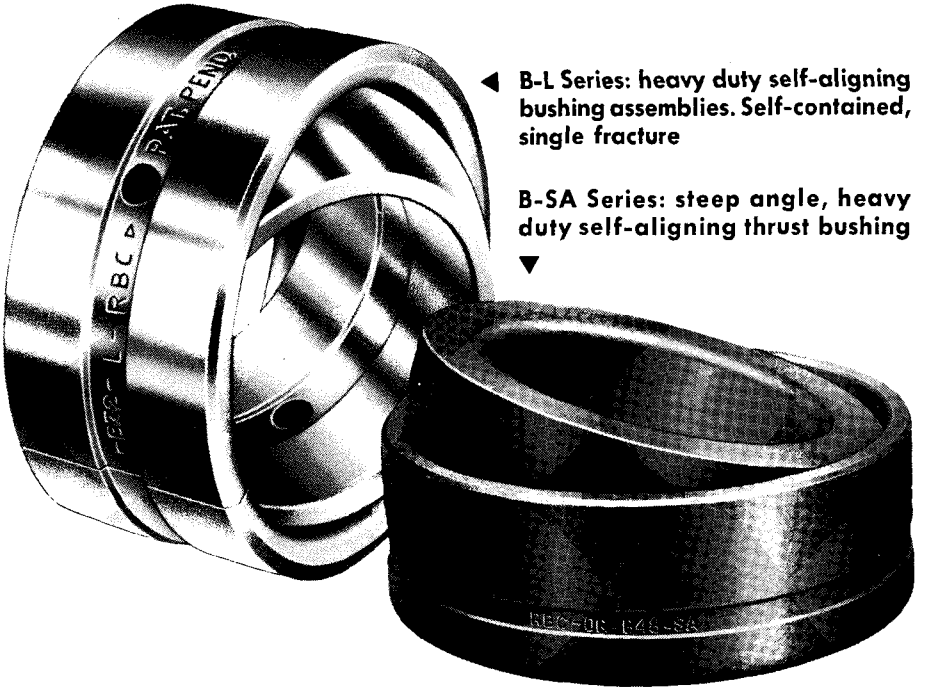

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS

A. A native male servant (Anglo-Indian)

B. One who loses out under any form of statism

C. What Swedes have learned to yield

D. Two areas of a basketball court (singular)

E. A machine used to illustrate the laws of motion was invented by this mathematician

F. What Alfred E. Smith (Al) told Mussolini (Il) the New Deal was

G. Through-and-through; a type of Republican or Democrat

H. Name that was once smeared by those who now pronounce it with respect

I. The subject of this puzzle's quotation was born in a city named for this man

J. Jargon that cannot always be understood

K. City in Italy where some chickens come home to roost

L. Towns in Pennsylvania and Washington

WORDS

54 2 102 95 153 115 82 165 179

81 69 76 124 184 210 20 141 45 160

85 185 29 114 117 145 37 14 23 93

74 43 120 154 16 166 205

89 61 63 182 3 128

92 189 146 4 84 118 108 116

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209 86 133 136 111 12 190

5 22 134 34 169 187 175

DEFINITIONS

M. A group of islands belonging to Norway

N. This can be awful

O. To agree or concur

P. An Irishman asked, "Who are we ..... against?"

Q. To reduce persons to subjection

R. Past the most difficult part

S. What the Left likes, except for the final 10%

T. Again; forthwith

U. What the defense did during the trial

V. What the preacher took

W. It takes this to get this

X. Because of inflation, people should now give you two pennies for this

Y. Benign; pleasant

Z. What a recent heavyweight champion has

a. A former rule of the Democratic Party that kept some majority choices from being nominated for president

WORDS

10 161 103 192 87 51 213

19 97 104 143 159 71 90

21 191 13 100 144 177

36 119 207 101 24 52 142

65 56 149 112 122 62 105

78 126 147 6 39 80 96 88 132 83 206

121 163 50 98 107 110 204 172 8 15 31

44

137 193 106 158 28 72 201 170

150 125 197 135 180 173

174 127 148 178

199 17 151 68 171

25 32 18 200 162 195 129

38 157 176 91 208 167 196

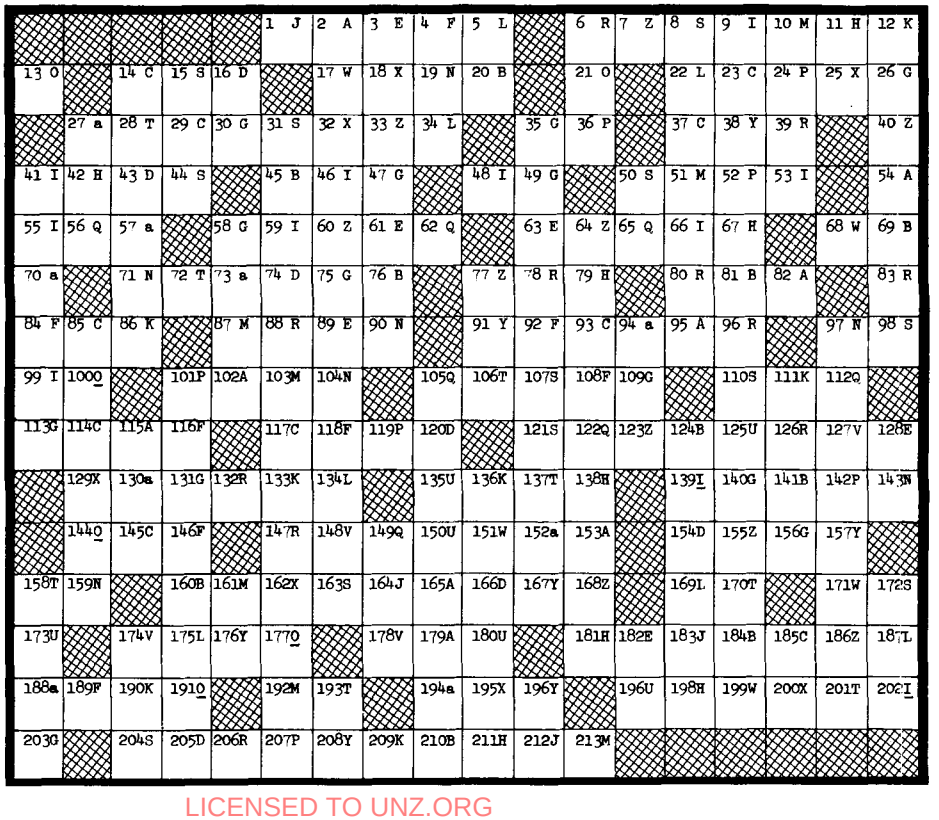
60 7 33 40 64 77 186 123 155 168

27 57 94 194 130 188 73 70 152

See page 271 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



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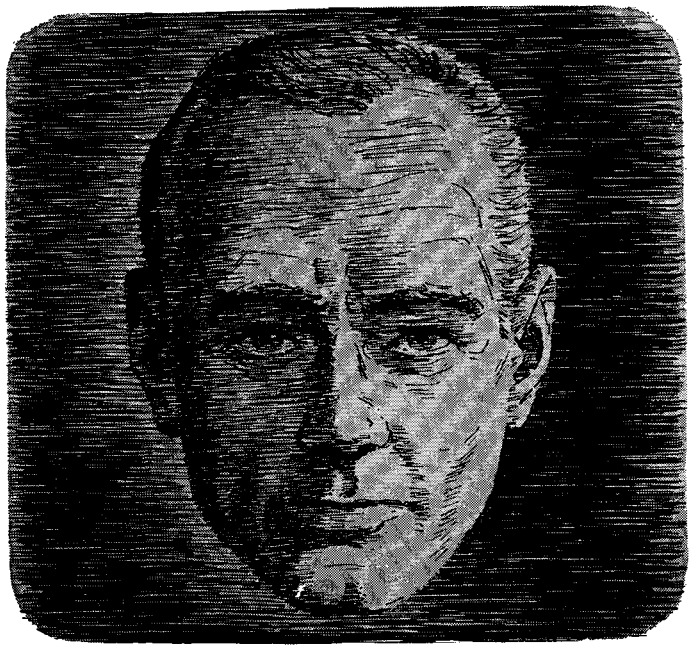

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

ROBERT BROWNING AND HIS WORLD: *The Private Face,* by Maisie Ward (Holt, $8.50). I had not thought to see the day when there would appear a Catholic biography of Browning—or perhaps I should say, of the Browning, for Elizabeth (as is necessary and proper) is at least a secondary subject of the book and it ends with her death—but I have seen it now. And I am not entirely sure whether I like it. That it is good reading I readily admit, and certainly the faults I have to find lie more in the author's disinclination to explain instead of describing, than in her Catholicism. Nevertheless I have here, as I do not in Chesterton—who is the spiritual father of this book—a feeling that something comes between author and subject, or perhaps I should say that the author comes between me and the subject, or both. But I would rather wait for the second volume to appear before I make up my mind.

J. C. LOBDELL

THE NEW LAND, compiled and edited by Phillip Viereck (John Day, $12.95). The subtitle, "Discovery, Exploration, and Early Settlement of Northeastern United States, from the Earliest Voyages to 1621, Told in the Words of the Explorers Themselves," nicely sums up this nice book—but it is no mere catchall of old documents. Mr. Viereck has selected and arranged his materials with a careful eye; the side and bottom margins of each page are filled with crisp explanatory notes, as well as line drawings, both ornamental and elucidative, by the compiler's wife. The geographical compass is small: the coast from New York to Maine, and the Hudson River valley. Of particular interest are the varying accounts of the natives—"They are full of pity and charity for their neighbors. They are very liberal, for they give that which they have. We became great friends. . ." (Verrazano); "The whole of them, to tell the truth, are not worth much. . . . They are great thieves, and if they cannot lay hold of a thing with their hands, try to do so with their feet. . ." (Champlain).

T. R. REDLAKE

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Lesson of Mr. Romney

ON THE Right

London, March 7—The *Times* of London, which likes to think of itself as the mother-newspaper of the English-speaking world, and in fact is highly prestigious, is nowadays given to such howling editorialization in its news columns as makes *Time* Magazine by contrast read like the tablets of detachment. On their front page they carry the story, "Mr. Romney Quits/Presidency Race." And then embedded in the story: "The man who had so often fallen flat on his face since aspiring to the highest office admitted defeat at a press conference here tonight." And again: "His withdrawal two weeks before the New Hampshire primary came as a surprise, but perhaps no other man of his limited capacity would have announced himself in the first place."

Quite apart from the extraordinary journalistic impudence of the *Times'* evaluative journalism, the signal seems to be very clear nowadays. It is that Romney failed because he is an idiot. Because he is a man "of limited capacity," to use the condescending words of the *Times.* The moment is at hand to make a few observations:

1. Mr. Romney is not a man of conspicuously limited capacity. He is a man of quite extraordinary capacity. Mr. T. George Harris's recent biography is well worth reading on this point, but quite apart from that, the public record is there. Mr. Romney as a politician has been a wow in a Democratic state. As an orator, he is very difficult to beat. As an administrator, he is splendidly efficient. As a campaigner, he is indomitable, fiercely energetic, capable of matching even the long hours of a John Lindsay. And indeed, if he were so manifestly ill-qualified as the *Times* suggests that he is, how does the *Times,* or for that matter anyone else, account for the support of Mr. Romney by such classy and demanding types as Governor Chafee of Rhode Island? Or, Nelson Rockefeller of New York?

2. The inference will of course catch on that the shrewd Mr. Rockefeller named George Romney precisely because he knew that Romney would stumble, and that he, Rockefeller, would be the beneficiary. Concerning which hypothesis it should be observed that if Mr. Rockefeller is so shrewd as to have been able to anticipate Mr. Romney's weaknesses at a point when Romney was widely hailed as an extraordinarily successful political figure, then Mr. Rockefeller has powers of penetration which entitle him to a wider degree of respect than he has been given even by some of his admirers.

And anyway, the collapse of Mr. Romney proves to be highly embarrassing to Mr. Rockefeller, rather than instantly beneficial. There is for one thing the derivative humiliation of having hailed a man who could not get eight per cent of New Hampshire Republicans to back him—not a very good show for a Republican producer who more or less claims to be the true voice of the Republican mainstream. And, for another, here is Mr. Rockefeller, now faced with a serious dilemma: either oppose Mr. Nixon himself and run the risk of losing in the primaries, or fail to oppose Mr. Nixon and permit him to get the nomination by default. No, Mr. Rockefeller thought Mr. Romney would do much, much better.

3. Don't you see, the analysis of Mr. Romney's failure as based on his personal limitations is now crucial to the liberal Republicans. They must perforce dwell on the startling personal limitations of Mr. Romney, which limitations they never informed us about before. What liberal-oriented observers are greatly reluctant to acknowledge is that the Republican Party of the United States of America, four years after the ignominious defeat of Senator Barry Goldwater, is more conservative—more conservative by far—than it was in 1964. There are a lot of reasons why this is so, and they include indecisiveness in Vietnam, the collapse of authority at home, overweening government, civil war in the cities. If you add to those attracted to Nixon as a reasonable conservative with a granitic determination to contain the Communists abroad, those who are attracted to George Wallace for reasons good and for reasons bad; throw in those whose first preference is Ronald Reagan, the paradigm of conservatism in national politics, you get, well, a great many people.

Mr. Romney made some great blunders. But others have blundered, and won. What Mr. Romney's experience has shown is that this is not the season for liberal Republicanism, and that is the principal lesson of his defeat. □

RHODESIAN FIASCO *March 14.* You would think that the Rhodesians had just finished executing Florence Nightingale, her mother, and her father. The reaction to the executions is one of the strangest phenomena of our inscrutable age. Consider.

1) India is furious. India is taking the position that the Queen's word must be final in these matters. Herewith a show of homeguardism quite extraordinary under the circumstances, the circumstances being that India was the first and major defector from the Empire, that India would be the first to howl out its resentment if the Crown were to intercede in a criminal case in India to dispense a royal pardon. The further circumstance being that the Government of England which India is at the moment so avidly championing, has just finished writing into the statute books a law which officially declares that Africans of Indian descent may not come into England. An act of racism, one would think, which hardly argues the appropriateness of the moment to pursue the vendetta with Ian Smith.

2) Kenya is furious. Kenya has just finished, as we have seen, making its Indian-descended citizens officially second-class, which of course makes it imperative to side noisily with anyone who criticizes a government which has done the same thing, only to black Africans.

3) U Thant is furious. Why? Isn't U Thant committed, above all other things, to anti-colonialism? Why should U Thant yap about the authority of the Crown in remote territories, it being his explicit concern to undermine that authority wherever it emerges? When last heard from the United Nations was brooding over such colonialism as is exercised by the United States over Puerto Rico. Surely U Thant would be

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more consistent to have objected to England's officious intervention in the purely internal affairs of a country which was self-governing twenty years before the United Nations was a gleam in the busybodies' eye?

4) The United States is furious. The State Department has announced that the execution, "we fear, drastically reduces the possibility of a negotiated settlement of the Rhodesian situation in accordance with the six principles put forward by the British government." Quite right. But then why isn't the United States sore at England, rather than at Rhodesia? It is England, not Rhodesia, that promulgated this crisis. As a matter of psychological fact, nothing could more surely have guaranteed that the execution would take place, than the granting of a reprieve by the Queen, the sole purpose of which was manifestly political and everywhere obvious, namely to challenge once again the legitimacy of Rhodesia's separation in 1965 from the Commonwealth. And then again, why is it the business of the United States to comment on such internal squabbles as Rhodesia's with England? Would we welcome pronouncements by Harold Wilson on our arrangements with the Virgin Islands? The critics of Lyndon Johnson who see our involvement in Vietnam as expressing an officious interest in other countries' affairs are here fortified, though it is unlikely that they will comment on it, any more than they would bring up the arrogance of power argument if the United States began military action against white Rhodesia.

5) And then England is furious. That one is my absolute favorite. "There were demands in the House today for prosecution of the Rhodesians if they can ever be brought before a British court. One Labor member, Andrew Faulds, even said 'the death penalty should not be excluded.'" The sun has surely set on British reason. To begin with, the outcry ought to have been against the cynical act of Harold Wilson by which he sought to divert attention from his own government's recent act of racism. Concerning the humane argument, it should be noted that England was hanging its criminals as a matter of course until quite recently, and has no right to expect that other countries should necessarily follow England's lead in the matter of abolition.

No, what has happened is a pure venture in cynicism. What emerges from it all is the infantile barbarism of the oldest parliamentary body governing in the world, England's. The leverage England might have had on Rhodesia by which to leaven Rhodesia's policies is now lost, and the three men have been hanged: a typical accomplishment of the Wilson Administration. God save the Queen, she greatly needs His help so long as she is burdened by her present ministers. □

THE DEPARTURE OF MR. SMITH

London, March 10—I note with sorrow that Mr. Howard K. Smith has quit the column-writing business because of his general disgust with contemporary journalism. Particularly, he cites the build-up that has been given to Stokely Carmichael, insisting that by giving him such attention as we have, we are all of us Frankensteins, busily creating our own little monsters. Now Mr. Smith himself has been given to a strange production or two, as when he invited Alger Hiss of all people to discuss the fall of Richard Nixon after his defeat in 1962. Mr. Hiss is about as qualified to discuss the shortcomings of Mr. Nixon as Mr. Oswald would have been to discuss those of Mr. Kennedy.

Buckley

Still, he has a point worth contemplating. He gave another example, namely the notorious photograph a month ago depicting the police chief's execution of a Vietcong. "Not even a perfunctory acknowledgment was made of the fact that such executions, en masse, are the Vietcong way of war." He quoted his own son in Vietnam, left for dead by the Communists, who witnessed the execution by the enemy of a dozen U.S. soldiers in uniform. Note that the Vietcong was not in uniform, and hence was subject to execution. To be sure, after a trial.

The interesting question is, how do you hold trials in a city that is burning up with insurgency? The answer is that, as a matter of fact, you don't usually have trials in such circumstances. That is one of the reasons why wars are so hateful. It is interesting that the critics of the Vietnam war tend to criticize it because war is dreadful, but then they tend to criticize that which goes to make war dreadful. If it were possible to wage wars without killing people, or destroying farms, houses, waterworks, and schools, then war wouldn't be dreadful. It is too much to ask that they at least accept the ontological structure of war, and then criticize it.

I do not know whether, at the time Mr. Smith resigned, he had seen the NBC telecast, on the war, whose transcript I now have, with master of ceremonies Edwin Newman, and expert guests. I should think it would have accelerated his decision. (Professor Seymour Melman weighed in with his criticism of the aforementioned execution.) The most striking aspect of it was the brief historical run-down by Mr. Newman which went, so help me:

"National elections to reunify Vietnam were to be held in 1956. Agreements were not signed by South Vietnam or the United States, which did not want to approve a settlement that legitimized Communist rule in another country, or even half a country. The United States did promise not to use force to overturn the Geneva Agreement. After the division of Vietnam, Bao Dai was soon nudged aside by the man who was to dominate South Vietnam for almost a decade, Ngo Dinh Diem. With American sponsorship, advice, and economic help, he consolidated his power around his family and his Catholic co-religionists, many of them from the North. There seems little doubt that Ho Chi Minh would have won the nationwide elections scheduled for 1956, but Diem refused to hold the election. The United States supported him and said the elections could not possibly have been fair in the North. Diem also continued to crush all opposition."

IT IS EASIER to rebuild Hué than that travesty. a) No mention of the grisly purges conducted by Ho that caused a million North Vietnamese to flee south. b) No mention that Ho's popularity in 1954 was like Castro's on New Year's Day 1959. Both were popular. None, ninety days after achieving power, would have risked a truly free election. c) No mention that Diem conducted two elections and won both of them. d) None that his government requested U.S. aid. e) No mention that South Vietnam had been set up as a separate state in 1946, and that the majority of the United Nations were disposed to grant it membership in 1952 and again in 1957 and would have except for a Soviet veto. f) To observe that Diem "crushed" the opposition without mentioning that the North took care of its opposition by killing them, or chasing them south, is —well, akin to staring at the picture of the Vietcong in Saigon and cluck-clucking about the cruelties of the South Vietnamese.

Mr. Smith is on to something. We seem to want to believe that we are very evil people, supporting other people who are very evil. Some people get a kick out of that, excluding, I am glad to note, Mr. Howard K. Smith. □

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Big vote for **Eugene McCarthy** in New Hampshire may tip **Nelson Rockefeller** toward dove position on Vietnam. Retired peace candidate Gen. **James M. Gavin** backs Rockefeller, saying "our views are very, very close." But Rocky has nuclear realist **Herman Kahn** working for him, too, as well as usually tough-minded **Henry A. Kissinger.** . . .McCarthy has Kennedy aide **Richard Goodwin**—and more and more compliments from **RFK.** . . . Meanwhile, Bobby is in solid with Mexican-American grape-pickers. He chartered a plane from L.A. to Delano, Cal., just to watch United Farm Workers organizer **Cesar Chavez** break his 25-day fast.

■ First phased cutback of U.S. government personnel abroad due April 1; second phase, deadlined Aug. 1, may cut largest embassy staffs by 30 per cent and close down some consulates altogether. Reason: "balance of payments." . . . **Kingsley Martin,** who preceded **John Freeman** as editor of left-wing *New Statesman,* told London *Times* that Freeman, Harold Wilson's new ambassador to Washington, is "far too good a diplomat not to leave his politics behind." . . . **Harold Wilson** is fourth Most Villainous Man of the Century, according to *Sunday Times* readers' poll. (1st: Hitler; 2nd: de Gaulle; 3rd: Stalin.)

■ Now being formed, by Prof. Joseph Dunner, Eugene Lyons, Alan Gerber and Max Geltman: **The American Jewish Association** (415 Grand St., New York 10002). Policy is conservative, anti-Communist, pro-Israel. . . . Distress telegrams to *Ramparts* subscribers asking contributions to get March issue out of the warehouse. Financial backers piqued over pro-Arab, pro-black power editorial stands. . . . New student conservative magazine *Alternative* debuts at Yale with lead on **Reagan** visit (2933 Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.) . . . *New Left Notes,* organ of **Students for a Democratic Society,** having second thoughts about "confrontation" with Democratic National Convention in Chicago this summer. If all goes ill, says *NLN,* demonstration "could be turned into a pro-McCarthy or even pro-Kennedy demonstration right before our radical eyes" rather than into "a declaration of disgust with the entire electoral process." Same issue runs open letter from **James Forman,**

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"But if we do become the 51st State of the USA, how do we know that Johnson won't resign in favor of Wilson?"

telling "white revolutionaries" what he expects from them by way of retaliation if he is assassinated: "10 war factories destroyed, 15 police stations blown up, 30 power plants demolished, no flowers, 1 Southern governor, 2 mayors, and 500 racist white cops dead, a generous sustaining contribution to **SNCC.**" That's Student *Non-violent* Coordinating Committee, beefed by Students for a *Democratic* Society.

■ Here we go again: **Adam Clayton Powell** will run for re-election to Congress. **James Meredith,** who withdrew last time around, is available, too. Leaders in Harlem will support Powell, says *Washington Post.* . . . New York longshoremen refused to load the "Carapace," 35-foot ketch owned by **Dr. Benjamin Spock,** who was awaiting it in the Virgin Islands. Local 856 dock workers had counter-marched against Manhattan anti-draft demonstrations in which Spock participated.

■ **Dalai Lama,** exiled to India, reports civil strife in Tibet between Maoist and military factions. . . . Mass pilgrimage and wreath-laying ceremony for **Jan Masaryk** on March 10 broke an official silence of twenty years on Czechoslovakia's former Prime Minister, thought to have been assassinated by Communists. . . . . *Chicago Tribune* Washington correspondent **Willard Edwards** says U.S. intelligence now believes **Gen. Walter Krivitsky,** who defected from Soviet intelligence in 1937, may have been murdered to keep him from exposing **Harold Philby.** Krivitsky's wife and Philby's first wife, were both Viennese Communists and probably knew each other. Three months after Krivitsky's death in 1941, Philby moved into British counter-espionage.

■ **Gen. Charles Ailleret,** French chief of staff killed in plane crash March 10, was **de Gaulle**'s leading strategist of "all points" defense, deploying French nuclear strength against attack from any direction. Ailleret also supervised French atomic bomb project in Sahara. . . . A law dating from 1881 which penalizes "attacks on the honor" of the French head of state has been invoked 300 times in the last nine years (as against nine times in preceding 75 years). One citoyen was fined $200 for shouting "hoo-hoo" as His Car passed.

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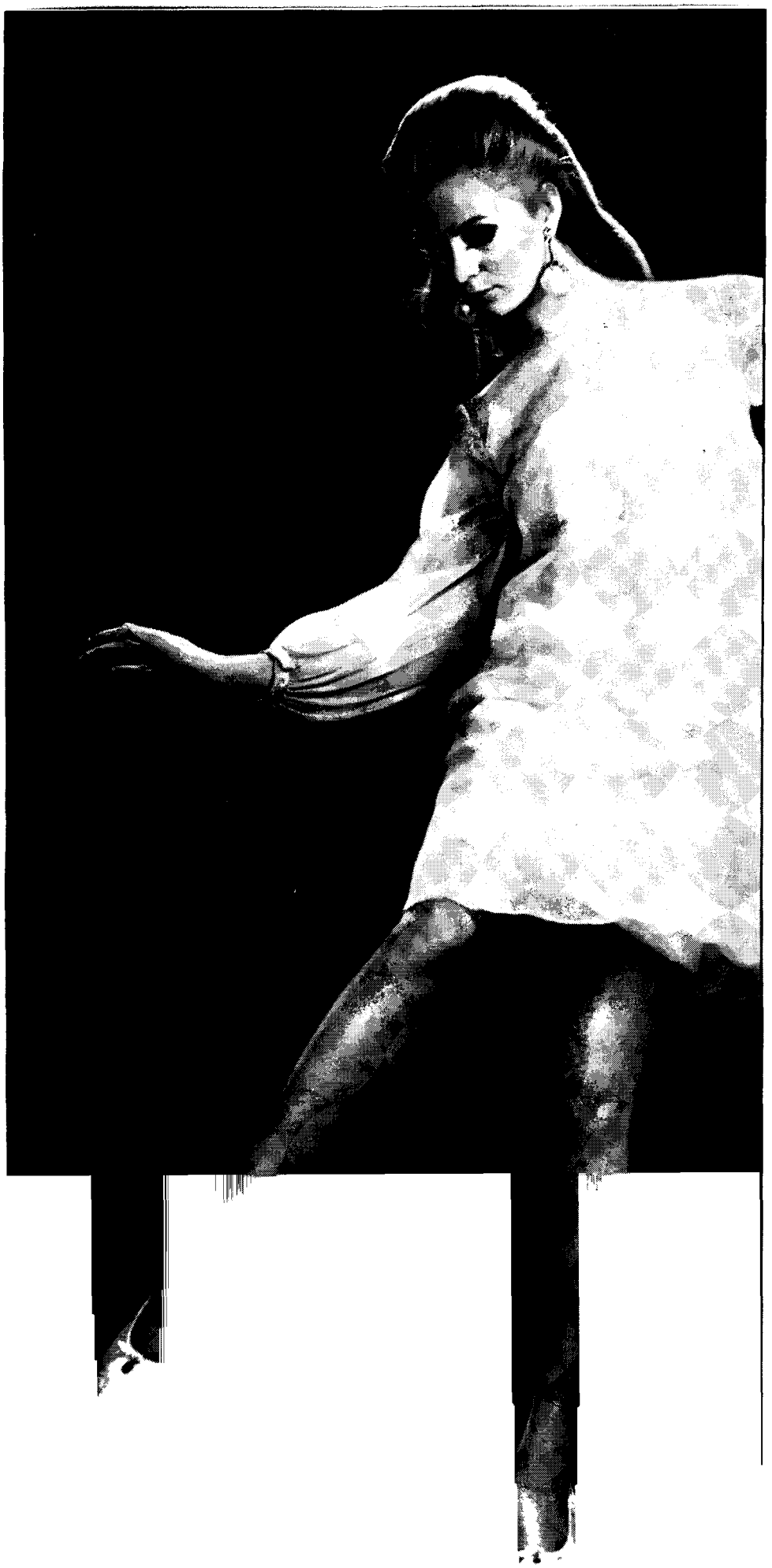

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